23

EVERY NUMBER A WINNER

The Modern Man

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 91. [PUBLISHED EVERY MONDAY.] WEEK ENDING JULY 30TH, 1910. ONE PENNY.

French or German by Post for a Penny a Day.

For more than 30 years MR. HUGO and his Staff have been teaching Languages and studying the difficulties of many thousands of pupils. His new Self-Tuition Course is the result of daily experiment to one end—to make Languages easy of acquirement, to teach ONLY WHAT IS REALLY ESSENTIAL, and to teach that thoroughly. This Course gives a practical mastery of the important part of the language in an incredibly short time.

WOULD YOU LIKE TO SPEAK

FRENCH OR GERMAN?

IT IS SO EASY IF YOU TAKE

HUGO'S 1910 SELF-TUITION COURSE BY POST.

2s. 6d. MONTHLY FOR ONE YEAR

Is not an expensive way of acquiring a foreign language.

For this 30/- (Ten per cent. discount for cash) **you at present get:**

1. Fifty Self-Tuition Lessons, sent post free to any address in the world, in weekly booklets of 16 pages each.
2. A collection of copyright practice-tables.
3. Six class lessons of one hour each, or six private lessons of twenty minutes each, orally or by post.
4. A set of Hugo's unequalled Text-Books—value of French Books, 15/-; of the German, 10/-. This set, which comprises Hugo's well-known Commercial Correspondents, Readers, Composition and Idiom Books, etc., etc., is supplied in ADDITION to the fifty booklets.

THIS COURSE IS A NOVEL, INTERESTING, AND SIMPLE METHOD. NO LEARNING BY HEART REQUIRED. FLUENCY IS INSENSIBLY AND QUICKLY ACQUIRED FROM THE PROGRESSIVE CONVERSATION GIVEN.

HUGO'S COPYRIGHT PRACTICE TABLES and BOOKLETS enable Students to begin to SPEAK and WRITE FRENCH or GERMAN in simple language from the very first lesson.

Write for full Prospectus. Specimen Lesson free to all mentioning "The Modern Man" when inquiring.

HUGO'S LANGUAGE INSTITUTE. (Established 1875.)

Address for Self-Tuition inquiries: 33, GRACECHURCH STREET, LONDON, E.C.

TEACHING BRANCHES for CLASSES or PRIVATE LESSONS:

33, Gracechurch Street, E.C.; 303, High Holborn, W.C.;
64 and 66, Oxford Street, W.; 205, Earl's Court Road, S.W.

COPYRIGHT

King Edward VII.: His Life and Reign

The Record of a Noble Career.

By EDGAR SANDERSON, M.A., and LEWIS MELVILLE.

Every loyal Englishman will desire to place upon his bookshelf a good biography of our late revered Sovereign King Edward VII.

The biography here described is submitted as being authoritative, complete, well illustrated, and magnificently bound. It will form a permanent and worthy record of an exceptionally interesting reign.

The first volume takes us back to his birth and early manhood, the second with his marriage and first serious illness, the third with his many Colonial tours. The fourth volume describes the many public duties which fell to him in connection with the Jubilee and Diamond Jubilee of Queen Victoria, and closes with an account of his Accession. In the fifth and sixth volumes will be found a faithful record of his brilliant Coronation and his noble work as universal peacemaker.

TWO MAGNIFICENT PLATES,
executed in Photogravure, of King Edward and Queen Alexandra (size 22ins. by 15ins.) will be presented to every Subscriber.

The necessary expenditure works out at about 1d. a day for twelve months, but you are not bothered with small parts, and have no **further expense** for binding. Send attached form for further particulars.

ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET FREE.

To The Gresham Publishing Co.,
34-5, Southampton Street, Strand, London, W.C.

Please send me the illustrated free booklet describing the new biography, "KING EDWARD VII.: His Life and Reign," and particulars of the unique plan of purchase enabling readers of THE MODERN MAN to obtain the work for roughly 1d. a day for twelve months.

Name.....

Address.....

YOU CAN DRESS WELL ON 5/- MONTHLY

OUR easy payment terms allow you to dress well in good hard-wearing, well-fashioned and tailor-made suits for the small sum of 5/- monthly, which you pay privately by post. Our suits are cut to your own measurements, guaranteed good cloth, good fit, good style—every bit good—good lining, good buttons and finish—Suits which make you feel comfortable and well-dressed. Prices 34/6, etc. (5/- monthly). **A selection of 38 patterns, fashion-plate, and self-measurement form free. Write to-day and ask for FREE PATTERNS.**

BOOTS ON EASY TERMS

Fine Box Calf, Jockey Back, Straight Cap, etc., 12/3 cash, or 13/6 Easy Terms. Send 2/6 with size. Tan Willow, 17/6. Boot List Free.

Ladies' Costumes from 25/- (4/- monthly). Patterns FREE.

MASTERS, LTD., C5, HOPE STORES, RYE, SUSSEX.

GET ON, or GET OUT!

TO GET ON, read the lives of successful men, and learn *how* they have attained their positions. They teach you ***HOW TO*** **BE SUCCESSFUL.**

The Most Interesting and Fascinating Literature an Ambitious Young Man or Woman can read.

Life-Stories of England's Most Famous Men.

Lord Rosebery	Winston Spencer Churchill
F. E. Smith	Herbert Henry Asquith
John Burns	David Lloyd George
Lord Milner	Arthur James Balfour
Keir Hardie	Austen Chamberlain

These Booklets contain most interesting stories of Political and Social Life, and cannot fail to prove of the greatest possible interest and value to everyone who reads them.

2d. each everywhere, or 3d. by post.
(Complete Set, 2s. post free.)

From All Newsagents and Bookstalls, or from
SELF-HELP PRESS, 12, Burleigh Street, Strand, W.C.

The Modern Man

I dare do all that may become a man. Who dares do more is none.—MACBETH.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 91. WEEK ENDING JULY 30TH, 1910. ONE PENNY.

CONFIDENTIAL REPORTS.

AN INDIGNITY TO WHICH EVERY ARMY OFFICER IS SUBJECTED.

The unpopularity of the "confidential reports" system in the Army needs no emphasising, it condemns itself as un-English, unsportsmanlike, and unjust.

For the benefit of the lay reader, however, it may be explained that every officer is confidentially reported upon annually by his commanding officer, or other superior.

Even the Territorial officer is not exempt, but is reported on in the same way.

He does not see what is said about him, unless the report is an adverse one, in which case the regulations direct that he shall be informed of the charges against him.

But then it is not always easy to define an "adverse report." If a commanding officer has a grudge against a man and means to report unfairly against him, he can do so without actually committing himself to an "adverse report."

There is such a thing as "damning with faint praise," and years afterwards the victim, applying for some post, finds the way blocked by the confidential report which, though unfavourable, was not technically "adverse."

In such a case he has practically no remedy, for even if he could prove malice, a confidential report is a "privileged" document.

Confidential reports are also unfair in the way they lend themselves to jobbery. If a C.O. has a favourite he can push him on at the expense of more deserving officers. The regiment may know that the favourite is a worthless chap, but the C.O.'s certificate that he is a most efficient officer and deserves to be noted for special employment or promotion "goes."

True, it has to be confirmed by the General Officer Commanding, but the G.O.C. as a rule has to be guided by the C.O.

It is right and necessary that a C.O. should report upon his officers, but these reports should be public so far as the regiment is concerned. That is, every officer of a regiment should have a chance of seeing not only his own report, but those on his brother officers.

The present system places far too much power for ill in the C.O.'s hands, and its secrecy is opposed to all British principles of fair play.

When a C.O. retires, it practically rests with him to name his successor. Perhaps he dislikes his second-in-command or whoever would succeed him in the ordinary course. He reports badly on him, and a career is ruined.

C. F. CARTON.

CHEEK.

The new dresses for ladies are called "Tubes," because one always has to stand up in them.

* * *

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT: No, "Little Tommy," King George is *not* the new title of the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

* * *

The latest theatrical conundrum, by our dyspeptic critic: Why is Wilkie Bard? Because the public aren't Avon any.

* * *

We are told by Mr. Hannen Swaffer that "religion consists chiefly of disbelief." We now begin to perceive a hitherto unsuspected godliness about the gentleman whose pet ejaculation is "Liar!"

* * *

"Smoke plague," runs a newspaper headline. "How they do change the names of tobacco nowadays," mused dear old Mrs. Footler. "When I was a girl men used to smoke plug."

* * *

Lord Curzon observes, "There is the loafer of the club, and the racecourse, and the playground, quite as much as there is the loafer of the streets and the slums." Yes, and we must not forget the big and little loaf-ers of the Houses of Parliament.

* * *

Quite recently a Mr. Butter married a Miss Kerr. Presumably the wheels of the matrimonial car will not want for grease.

* * *

Mr. Upton Sinclair tells us that "Nine-tenths of the people are Socialists—only they haven't found it out yet." Another case where ignorance is bliss.

* * *

A writer in a contemporary observes that "Women no longer respect men." This is because the sexes have changed their respective positions.

* * *

"Tipping," says Mr. J. F. G. Elkin Matthews, in a recent novel, "like bowling and legislating, should be done with the brain, and hardly ever is." Of course not. Any waiter will tell you that it is done with reluctance.

* * *

"Take thy time," says Sir Charles Santley, "while time is lent thee." "I dare say," muttered Jemmy the Lag with fine scorn. "But what I don't want is the time what's given me!"

* * *

A contemporary asks whether women should serve on divorce-case juries. Surely, since the sex is so noted for its fairness.

* * *

Mr. Arnold White declares that the Territorials are "the salt of the earth." We suppose he means that they will be useful at a pinch.

J. S. COX.

THE SPORTSMAN'S HANDS.

HOW TO COUNTERACT THE EFFECTS ON THEM OF THE VARIOUS SPORTS.

One of the most urgent aims that every sportsman has continually in view is the acquirement of perfect bodily fitness.

But has it ever struck you that he pays the least attention to what is, perhaps, the most important part of his anatomy, to wit, his hands?

In the great majority of sports and games the hands come in for far more subtle strain than we imagine, and it behoves us to give them much more careful attention than we actually do.

For instance, anybody who has seen the hands of a first-class wicket-keeper will understand the almost terribly deforming effect produced on them by consistent work behind the wicket, giving them the appearance of being twisted by acute rheumatism.

Doubtless the cause of this is the innumerable knocks, jars, and jerky movements inevitably incidental to playing up to the fast bowling that prevails nowadays; and it is a regrettable fact that very little can be done to counteract such unpleasant effects.

Every wicket-keeper, however, should frequently rub his hands together vigorously, especially over the joints. Before and after every game he should rub in some good embrocation; and, if he can stand it, he should sleep, during periods of consistent cricket, in fairly tight and stiff leather gloves.

If you give your friend's hand a hearty squeeze and shake when you meet him, and you observe him wince, you can pretty safely bet that he has been rowing or sculling after a period of inaction, and has brought up a crop of blisters. These always come on the palms just at the base of the fingers.

Such blisters should not be pricked if you intend rowing again soon. If you prick them, you should rest them until the skin is entirely healed, and use a needle, *not* a pin.

It is not a bad plan before rowing to rub the hands with vaseline, and then powder a little fuller's earth over them.

Every boxer, before having a spar with the gloves, should cut his nails as short as possible. If they are long, a quick and vigorous punch on his part will possibly have the effect of tearing them badly, by scraping them against the inside end of the glove. If, however, they do not project beyond the flesh of the fingers, such accidents are impossible.

Lastly, every motorist who bothers about the appearance of his hands is caused much disquietude of mind by the fact that continual tinkering about with a car's "works" makes them very horny and grubby, however much he may scrub them in the ordinary way. Soap is practically useless—by itself. It should always be used in conjunction with a piece of rough pumice-stone.

A. LANGLEY.

THE CITY'S MIDNIGHT

THE REALITIES OF LIFE.

A bottle of whisky, a supply of soda, and a freshly-opened box of Turkish cigarettes lay upon a side table in his office. They had only been placed there towards the end of the day, and they indicated to those who knew that he, the boss, was in for a "field day" of work—or, rather, an all-night sitting.

For a long time work had been accumulating in that irregular fashion in which all work accumulates. The business had grown jerkily, and the man was behindhand. New help was coming in in the course of a few days, but meanwhile there were mountains of arrears to be caught up.

Before he realised it, the man was deep in books, correspondence, accounts, files, and references of all sorts. Now and then he would get up from his roomy desk and sit down at a typewriting table to rattle off a few letters to complete one job before he began another.

Then he would return to his desk and become absorbed again in what would have appeared to an observer, had such a person been near, to be very exacting and trying business.

IN THE GRIP OF WORRIES.

The man seemed at present to be mastered by his work. He had become the under dog, and was making tremendous efforts to regain his entire control of the myriad strings that needed proper pulling to ensure the successful conduct of the business.

It was obviously a worrying business. He had to face many unpleasant situations in the office affairs, situations that a sensitive man shrinks from, and that he would fain avoid.

It seemed that so many people were arrayed against him in business. He had to do so much to satisfy such a host of demands. In short, he was in the grip of many worries, and he began to feel that things might be more than he could manage without a breakdown in the business machinery.

Getting up from one of his intervals at the typewriter, the sudden cessation of the hard tapping of the keys on the roller accentuated the silence in the business house in which his offices were situated. He listened.

There was no longer the banging of doors. He could hear no footstep on the stairs. The swish and growl of the running lifts had ceased. All was intensely silent.

Looking at his watch, he saw to his astonishment that the house must have been thus deserted for some hours. It was nearly midnight.

Again he bent over his desk, at frequent intervals taking up a fresh bundle of documents, removing the indiarubber band with a snap, and then poring over the contents, weighing up things, and acting on his decision.

NEXT TO THE HEAVENS.

The time came when he threw himself back in his chair with a sigh, a yawn, and a stretch. How delicious, he thought, a breath of fresh air would be at this moment. It would clear his brain and help him to go on. But he was unwilling to quit the building for a stroll lest it might effectually break his spell of energy and work. He could not afford to stop just now.

Then a happy thought struck him. He would go upstairs and stand on the great broad roof of the building and get cool and refreshed. In a moment he was outside in the marble-flagged corridor, his finger, from force of habit, on the button that called the liftman.

But no lift came, and with a laugh at his absent-mindedness he turned to the stairs and mounted to the fireproof door that gave on to the roof. One push and he was out.

Here was air, cool and fresh. He listened. The silence that had taken possession of the offices had spread to the very streets. There was no roar ascending to him from the hurrying multitudes of people and the bewildering variety of vehicles. That this huge city could exist without its song of work he had never suspected before.

He looked around him in the now lessening darkness, and he distinguished well-known landmarks. There were the great dome and cross of the cathedral. It was serene and enduring. In another direction was the dark, even ugly, line of a great terminus.

To his surprise even this was silent.

No mounting puffs of steam broke and bulged against the black roof, no trains incessantly ran in and out, and he began to see things in another way.

LIFE'S REALITIES.

The world that yesterday had seemed consciously planning for his own discomfiture, the world that gave him no rest from worries, the world that demanded this and that and the other, seemed suddenly to have decided that there was something better to do and had deserted him, leaving him to his own devices.

It all broke on him as a strange relief. He, then, with his tiny little business worries was in reality no more to the world than the fly on the window pane.

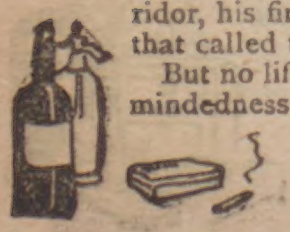
"Good God!" It was all he could say as the weight of unnecessary anxiety dropped from his mind. In those few moments he had learned to look at facts in their proper proportion.

And he went back to his office as the light began to break.

Loosening his collar and tie, he threw himself into the armchair and folded an overcoat about his legs and feet. Soon he was sleeping the sleep of the just, for he had seen things clearly.

And the whisky and the soda were untouched.

T. J. DUNN.



CAN YOU TALK RHYMING SLANG?

As a good many of our readers—especially those who frequent racecourses—are aware, a large section of the sporting fraternity have an ingenious dialectical code which is known as rhyming slang.

For instance, if you should hear a man observe pleasantly that he is in need of his "Jim Skinner," you may take it to mean that he wants his dinner. Possibly with this meal he may indulge in a glass of "pig's ear" or beer, unless his fancy lightly turns to thoughts of gin, which he will playfully refer to as "needle and pin."

If you take a cab and refrain from tipping the driver, he will probably begin to "Lord Mayor" (or swear) at you, demanding, at least, a "Lord of the Manor" (or tanner, *i.e.*, sixpence) though, of course, he would prefer a "touch-me-on-the-nob," in other words a "bob" or shilling.

When you go to bed, you have to negotiate the "apples and pears" (stairs) and before getting into your couch, you, of course, take off your "I'm afloat" (coat), your "Jimmy Prescott" ("weskut," or waistcoat) and your "Round the houses" otherwise "trowsis."

But, of course, the true art of conversing in rhyming slang consists in giving the first word only, leaving the actual rhyming word to the imagination of your fellow conversationalist.

SHOULD THE "DAILY MAIL" BE PROSECUTED?

A COMMENTARY ON THE AVIATION CRAZE.

The present useless and foolish craze for aviation has brought with it the usual penalty of foolish and useless crazes—so much so that it is now recognised in the offices of daily newspapers that a poster announcing the fact that an aviator has been killed is no longer a pulling one. The public are heartily sick of flying and flying men; they are a little sorry when they hear that one of them has been killed, but they are neither much surprised nor interested.

When an aviator meets his fate, the public feel that he brought it upon himself. They are sorry, but there is not the beautiful element of tragic pathos in their sorrow.

Recently an officer was killed whilst stopping the runaway horse of a trooper in his company. There was an instance of a man giving his life to save that of another. It was a beautiful episode, and the silent, heartfelt sympathy and admiration of all who read the account of it was fitting music for the passing of a noble soul.

In the death of an airman, however, there is not this intensity of sympathy.

Mr. Grahame White and the late Mr. C. S. Rolls may be taken as average types of modern aviators. First they excelled as cyclists, then they took up motoring and backlooning, and finally aeroplaning.

Deliberately they have courted risks that other people have avoided, but their action does not amount to courage but to foolhardiness. Such people risk their lives not for any noble object such as the saving of life, but for the sensation that comes to them with the taking of great risks, and it may be also for the glamour that publicity brings to them.

The men who risk their lives by flying are not heroes like the officer mentioned above, and that is why we do not mourn their loss so greatly, but still they are human beings and there is a grave responsibility attached to those who have encouraged them to take such foolish risks.

Any engineer will tell you that the greatest force to be considered in all matters of locomotion is the force of gravity.

The ship sailing on the sea is resting on water; the express train is on the rails. Neither is setting at absolute defiance the all-powerful law of gravity. Even the gas-filled airship, supported with a fair margin of security, is not wholly defying gravity. But the aeroplane is juggling with it constantly.

It is well known that our atmosphere is of unequal density and that there are huge parts in it which cannot be distinguished by the eye from the rest, but which spell disaster to such a machine as an aeroplane. For an airman to glide into one of these atmospheric pits is almost as risky as for a chauffeur to drive over the edge of a cliff. The aeroplanist constantly juggles with gravity, and it is only a matter of time and a matter of the number of journeys he makes till he meets his fate.

The principle, though extremely interesting and novel, is useless, because it sets at defiance the supremest law of mechanics. The airman, therefore, is not a pioneer of science. He is not risking his life in the cause of civilisation and progress, because anything he may discover or do will not be of the slightest benefit to humanity. Rather should he be likened to the walker on the tightrope. The craze is a passing one which will doubtless in time be put an end to by law, just as the useless risking of life at other public performances was stopped by Act of Parliament.

In the meanwhile it is interesting to our

Editorial Communications to be addressed to THE MODERN MAN, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

wider why the craze has reached its present position in the attention of the public.

There is in it, of course, the morbid public desire to watch in safety another human creature who is toying with death. Since fatal accidents have become so common, the morbid-minded have found a new interest in aviation meetings, and many of them attend with the deliberate though unvoiced hope that they will witness an accident.

The innate foolhardiness, and the desire for enjoying the sensation of courting risk, on the part of the aviators themselves, has been another important factor.

But the chief reason of all is the encouragement given to aviation by the "Daily Mail." That journal has consistently supported this stupid craze by offering prizes, ranging from £1,000 to £10,000, and thereby making it worth while for aviators to court unnecessary dangers.

If you are in some way responsible for a man's death you are guilty of manslaughter. To what extent is the "Daily Mail" responsible for the deaths of the many young men who have been killed by accidents to aeroplanes?

It would be gratifying if the next jury to consider the death of an aviator would look facts in the face and bring in a verdict of manslaughter against the proprietors of the "Daily Mail."

Where a public service is being rendered or where a useful advance in science is being sought, public opinion is ready and willing to consider that a man's death is a sacrifice to civilisation and advancement; but where, as in aeroplaning, there is no vestige of utility whatsoever, one can but condemn the folly of those engaged in it and also the injudiciousness—if one may use an expression so restrained—of those who incite them.

A. F. FRENCH.

SMOKER'S WISDOM.

The tastes of tobacco smokers are many and varied, and what one man will smoke with rapture, another man will not tolerate. So it is pretty safe to say that, while a great many of our readers cannot stand shag tobacco, a large percentage of them prefer that kind of tobacco to any other.

But here is a dodge about shag that was explained to the writer by a confidential tobacconist recently.

It is a much better plan to buy shag in fairly large quantities than in penny or half-ounce packets. The reason is that in such small quantities the manufacturers cannot afford to give very good quality.

WASH YOUR OWN HAIR-BRUSHES.

Not every landlady is "motherly" enough to wash your hair brushes when they need it, as they do, at regular intervals. This, however, is the simplest thing in the world, and can be done without trouble in a few minutes. Follow these directions: First wash your hands. Then take fresh warm water, and go through the process of washing your already clean hands again. This is only in order to get a little soap into the clean warm water. Then add not more than a teaspoonful of liquid ammonia. Next, take a brush by the handle and dabble its bristles about in the soapy ammonia water. Be careful that the backs of the brushes do not get into the water, as this tends to loosen the bristles, and, therefore, to spoil the brush. After dipping the brushes many times in this way, all that ought to come away will do so.

Take a clean lot of warm water and rinse the brushes. Then place them on a sheet of clean paper, bristles downwards, to dry. The best place is your window sill, where the fresh air and sun can get to them. In an hour or two they will be stiff and dry.

TIPS FOR THE INFANTRYMAN

DETAILS THAT MAKE FOR COMFORT AND FITNESS.

Among the many readers of THE MODERN MAN there are probably a few who are now making preparations for their first experience of Camp, and many others who may be glad of a few hints from an "old soldier."

The most important item in an infantry soldier's equipment is that of boots. They must be large enough, and wide enough, to allow the foot to lie naturally and comfortably, without being cramped. Also they must be supple, and to ensure this it is well to wear them as much as possible just before Camp. A few hobnails on each sole, and about three on each heel are necessary, so that a grip can be obtained on slippery grass.

SOME OFFICIAL HINTS.

The following extracts from the official orders with regard to boots, socks, and care of feet, given to the men of a certain London corps before proceeding to Camp last year, are well worth attention:

"Boots should be kept properly softened (especially after getting wet) with vaseline, neats'-foot oil, dubbin, &c.; they should have their extreme newness worn off before proceeding to Camp, and they should be kept in good repair, as otherwise they leak and tire the feet.

"Changing into canvas shoes after a march cools and rests the feet enormously, and allows of boots being aired and dried. Wet boots should be changed as soon as possible after a march, dried slowly, and then oiled.

"It is a good plan to oil the boots while still warm from the feet, as the pores of the leather absorb more while in this state. Waterproofing is to be avoided, as it tends to confine the perspiration within the boot.

"Hobnails in the sole are useful, as they help to resist wear, and prevent the feet from slipping. They are especially good on grass and English roads, and cause no discomfort if evenly distributed over the sole. Heel and toe caps are also a great protection when marching, especially on rough ground.

FANCY SOCKS BARRED.

"Socks must not be coloured with aniline or other irritating dyes, which wash out with perspiration, and prepare the way for sore feet. The ordinary official grey is a good colour. A fairly thick sock is better to march in than a thin one.

"Boots should be fitted over the thickest sock to be worn, and should be easy, as the feet swell when hot with marching.

"At least two pairs of socks should be kept in use. They should be changed on completion of the day's manœuvres, hung up to air and dry, and be washed out as often as time and opportunity permit.

"Above all things, keep the feet clean. Plenty of soap and cold water once a day will do much to keep the feet hard and tough, and this is worth any trouble that its supervision may give rise to.

TO HARDEN TENDER FEET.

"Men with tender feet can often march if they have previously greased them or rubbed them with soap. The outer surface of the sole of the sock may also be soaped. Some feet are much aided by being rubbed all over with zinc or boracic ointment or antiseptic vaseline, which will be supplied on application by the medical orderlies.

"Feet may be hardened by being soaked regularly overnight in salt and water, alum and water, or saltpetre and water, about a handful of any one of them in two quarts of water. Spirit and water (equal parts) may be used for the same purpose.

"Toe-nails should be trimmed and cut square—*i.e.*, straight across. Any tendency to corn, ingrowing toe-nail, or bunion, should be at once reported to the Medical Officer."

Just a word about drinking water on the march, or rather, not drinking it. I know there is a great temptation on a hot field day to keep on having nips from your waterbottle, but it is much better to do without it as long as possible, and then only to rinse the mouth out.

You will soon get used to this, while the habit of continually drinking takes a lot of breaking. Also it does not quench the thirst, it makes you perspire more, and very probably gives you the stitch if you have to move at a fast pace.

CHANCE BEFORE DINNER.

On returning to Camp after the day's manœuvres, there is generally an interval of about half an hour before dinner. This is an excellent opportunity to get out of all the clothes you have worn during the morning, and lay them out in the sun to dry and air.

Then if possible have a bath—but in any case thoroughly wash the feet, and attend to any sore places or blisters—and put on a sweater, flannel trousers, and rubber shoes, and then you are cool and comfortable, and ready for dinner.

Having finished that meal, it is a very good plan, if there are no more parades, to try and go to sleep. If successful, you won't wake up until it is time for tea, and after that, feeling fresh and fit, you don your walking-out uniform and proceed to the nearest town or village for an evening's amusement.

Many recruits have a great difficulty in getting any proper sleep the first few nights in Camp. First of all they can't get comfortable—there is no pillow for the head, then the blankets wriggle off, and they get up in the morning, feeling tired, aching all over, and wishing they had never enlisted.

SLEEPING IN COMFORT.

This is the plan that I have always adopted, and it works admirably. I keep on the sweater and flannel trousers that I put on after dinner, put on my regimental great-coat, and then roll the blankets round me, and then tie my "pull-through" round my ankles so that the blanket cannot unwind.

There I am wrapped up tight, and with my kit bag for a pillow I sleep soundly all night.

If the weather is like that which was experienced during the first fortnight of August last year, and the Commanding Officer allows it, it is an excellent plan to sleep outside the tent, but if you do this, do not forget to smear your face with oil of cloves, which will keep all flies away. Also, it is a good idea to put some paraffin on your blanket and ward off any attack that the insects of the night may make upon you.

Lastly, do not forget to take some literature to Camp. You may be stationed on a part of Salisbury Plain where it is difficult to get to a village important enough to have a newsagent or stationer. So make arrangements to have your MODERN MAN and other favourite periodicals sent down to you each week.

And don't forget a supply of your favourite tobacco.

ARTHUR WILLOUGHBY.

SMITHER'S HOLIDAY.

THE STORY OF A DREAM.

By F. CONSTABLE.

"I'm wondering," said Smither to me, "where I shall spend my holiday."

"Or rather," he added, after some thought, "I'm wondering what place I shall select in which to spend the money I've saved for my holiday."

At his City office, Smither is noted for his accuracy. English phrases are nothing if not open to various constructions. Whatever the foreigner Socialists may say against our language, they must admit that it wants reconstructing even more than our poor, harried, almost self-annihilating House of Lords.

"Margate," I suggested readily—I am good at helpful suggestions.

"Let's think. There's a Palace by the Sea at Margate, isn't there?"

"I wouldn't be sure."

"Don't. But there's something like it. Now, my idea is that it ought to be *in* it—and the sea doesn't do much encroaching at Margate does it? No. I sha'n't go to Margate."

"Broadstairs is quieter."

"Won't be this year. Prince of Wales went to school there or something. You always get a trail of people attracted by the Royal magnet. No; I sha'n't go to Broadstairs."

I could see that he needed brightening up, and (quite innocently) I suggested Brighton.

"I went there last year," said he. "You can't expect a man to go to a place where he *knows* his socks will be outclassed, can you?"

Smither was evidently in a bad case—and his feet in inferior socks.

"Look here," said he at length. "If you are limited to seaside places talk about the bad weather."

"The one objection which I shall never get over (you see I'm cursed with an artistic temperament) concerns the bathing dresses of the ladies. . . . What I mean is that they ought to be prettier. I remember loving a girl last year until I saw her bathing. It's a little thing to you very likely, but it harries my feelings, and that's not the way to enjoy a holiday, is it?"

"I know!" I said, a brilliant idea striking me. "Camp out. Do your own cooking. Grand sport!"

Smither eyed me with withering scorn.

"I *always* hated the smell of cabbage water," said he.

"What about a fortnight's golf?"

"Not sufficient command of language, old man."

"Really," said I, "you are quite hopeless."

"Yes," said he, "perhaps I am. You see I had a dream last night. I had everything I required packed in a light portmanteau. I caught the train to a place, the name of which I can't remember, and when I reached the end of my journey I found—what do you think?"

"That you'd lost your ticket as usual?"

"No. That it reposed in my ticket-pocket where I had placed it. The porter at the gate to whom I gave it broke it in two and gave me the return half without a murmur about not having the time to do that sort of thing for every passenger. After that, on looking at the clock, I was surprised to find that we had arrived to time. That was the last feeling of surprise that I felt. I seemed to have come to a paragon of holiday resorts. . . . I remember walking up the steps of a boarding house after my cabby had thanked me for a reasonable tip—thanked me!

"I next interviewed the landlady, who did not make me feel as if I were the monied imposer on a bygone respectability that had been forced by cruel circumstances to let rooms. She did not say that she wished to make me feel 'at home'—which is really the last thing that a man ought to be forced to feel when he is getting away for the much advertised rest and change. Better it were that he spent his time in Pentonville—where they put you for getting away with other people's change—than at such a place.

"No. That landlady was eminently satisfactory. If she thought my bag was small, she yet trusted my honest and open countenance, omitting to remark that I reminded her so much of her nephew Jim (poor young man!) who died young.

"That night at the general *table d'hôte*—most distressing of functions at the common or bear-garden boarding-house—no one observed that they had 'seen me before' at Margate, Brighton, or Yarmouth.

"The facetious young man from Barkington's, Limited, Universal Muddlers, was *non est*, and the pretty girl opposite me was a charming typist on her holiday she did not hasten to inform me that she was 'Lady secretary to the So-and-So Company, you know.' In fact, I heard her openly declare that the fiendish qwertyuiop of the top line of the Universal Keyboard had quite spoiled her touch for the piano, therefore she would not attempt to play Sir Edward Elgar's 'Salut D'Amour' in the form of a cakewalk. The maiden present admittedly could sing neither the songs of Araby nor had they any desire to adjure a certain young lady, much in request, whose name is 'Thora,' to speak to them.

"A dog, a pet of one of the young men staying at that boarding-house, always took the strong pieces of beef you offered it, and left you your fingers to yourself.

"The landlady had a pretty daughter, who when she kissed you secretly in the hall, carefully wiped the *poudre d'amour* from your coat.

"It was after experiences of this sort that I thought a walk on the pier might do me good. There no one asked me to have my photograph taken while I waited, and in the whirl of the confetti battle those who threw confetti at me saw that the coloured paper they used did not consist of broken-up hat-boxes, so that I escaped with nothing more serious than a smart stinging.

"When this flagged I went and listened to the concert inside the pavilion, at which the man never once referred either to his mother-in-law, or enlarged upon his father's lack of industry.

"And when the orchestra played the interval piece, old man, what do you think?"

I shook my head.

"It was not the 'Merry Widow.'"

"This year," he added thoughtfully, "I think I shall spend my holiday—in bed."

THE MARKS OF A HORSE.

The "marks" or "markings" of a horse are peculiarities of its coat, which are of great importance in identifying a lost animal.

* * * * * * *

They are quite distinct from the "points," which are the terms used to denote different parts of his body, and are common to every horse.

* * * * * * *

The commonest names for markings on the head are "star," "snip," "blaze," "race," "upperlip," and "underlip."

* * * * * * *

The star is a white mark in the centre of the forehead. It is usually more or less round, and may be further described as "large," "small," "faint," or "irregular," if necessary.

* * * * * * *

The snip is a white mark between the nostrils. It may be in the centre, or may extend to one nostril. If the latter, the words "right" or "left nostril" should be added in describing the horse.

* * * * * * *

The blaze is a broad stripe of white down the face. It may be distinct from the star and snip, or may include both. It sometimes covers the greater part of the face from forehead to muzzle.

* * * * * * *

The race is a narrow white stripe down the centre of the face, and may be described as "short," "broad," or "faint."

* * * * * * *

"Upperlip" and "underlip" are names used to denote white skin at the edges of the lips.

* * * * * * *

Marks on the body are less common, and are often produced by unnatural causes.

* * * * * * *

Saddle marks and girth marks, for instance, are white patches or stripes produced by the pressure of the load or girth. Most troop horses that have seen much military service have saddle marks.

A "list," "stripe," or "stripe," is a dark line running down the centre of the back. It is not very common in horses, but all donkeys and many mules have it.

* * * * * * *

White hairs in the tail, mane, or coat, should always be noted in describing a horse.

* * * * * * *

Horses that have no white marks on them are said to be "whole-coloured."

* * * * * * *

When the hair on the lower part of the leg and the hoof is black, the horse is said to have "black points."

* * * * * * *

White feet, white pasterns, white coronets, and white fetlocks should all be noted for purposes of identification.

* * * * * * *

A "sock" is a term used to denote white hair extending just above the fetlock, and it is called a "stocking" when it extends a little higher. It is not necessary to add the word "white" in describing marks on the legs, as all these marks are that colour.

* * * * * * *

If black spots appear on the white, the words "with spots" must be added.

* * * * * * *

Scars should be noted if they are quite permanent.

* * * * * * *

Two sample descriptions may be useful:

Bay mare with black points; star and snip; right nostril.

Chestnut gelding; broad race; white hairs in mane and tail; off fore and near hind coronet white; near fore fetlock partly; off hind coronet with spots.

JOHN GERVAISE.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

SETTLING DAY

By R. D. CROMBIE.

"Is that you, Eva?"

"Yes . . . . Jack, you shouldn't ring me up here. You know how Mr. Mellows objects."

"I had to; it's urgent."

"It could have waited till I see you to-night."

"It can't. I must see you now." There was something strange, something agonised in his voice.

With her free hand she made sure that the door of the office telephone-box was tightly closed, so that the other clerks should not overhear.

"I can't possibly come out," she answered. "We're frightfully busy. What is it—what's the matter?"

No reply.

"Do be quick and tell me," she urged. "Mr. Mellows is out, but he may be back any minute."

"I want to see you."

"Oh, *can't* you say what it is?"

"No."

"Well, what shall I do?"

"Come. You *must*."

"But I shall have to wait for Mr. Mellows—to ask him."

"I can't wait."

"Oh, Jack, are you in trouble? Your voice sounds so strange."

"I'm in great trouble."

"Oh! . . . Where are you? Are you at the office?"

"I'm at the Marble Arch tube station."

The Marble Arch tube station—and he was employed in Cannon Street! She was a clerk in the office of a large drapery stores in Edgware Road. He was not far away.

"Well, shall I ask the shop-manager! How long shall you keep me?"

"Oh, never mind," he said. The words were muttered.

"Don't go away," she said quickly. "*Jack!* . . . Of course I'll come if you want me. What excuse shall I give him?"

"Say it's a matter of life and death."

"A matter of——" Her heart stopped beating.

"Are you coming?"

"Yes. Immediately. I'll catch a 'bus. Will you wait there for me?"

"Yes."

She put down the receiver, clumsy in her haste, and went into the office with a white face. Making some incoherent explanation to another clerk, she put on her hat and hurried blindly through the shop.

She had been expecting something like this. There was no cause she could assign for it. They were sweethearts. Their relations were innocent. There was great love between them. But lately an overhanging shadow had darkened her happiness. His manner had changed. He had a different atmosphere about him. She did not fear that his affection was altering, but there was something wrong. . . . .

She had asked him. He had laughed the questions away. He lived at home. He had good parents. She often visited them. Jack and she were to be married as soon as they could afford it. Then what was it, what was it?

Her heart was thumping as she looked about for him in the entrance hall of the station. He was nowhere in sight. Then she saw him coming out of one of the telephone boxes. It flashed on her that he had been staying there until she arrived.

"Oh, Jack!" she said, searching every detail of his expression.

"Quick! Across the road," he said, thrusting past her.

He walked so quickly that she had difficulty in keeping up with him. His face was ashen, the look in his eyes such as she had never seen before.

In another minute they had entered Hyde Park.

He struck off to the right, saying only, "Let's get away from everybody."

Then for a long time he was silent. She did not speak. Some inward numbness of dread withheld her.

He found a couple of seats in a secluded part. It was afternoon. The sun was shining, birds were singing. Yet to her there was balefulness in the air.

"Jack," she said.

He was looking at his hands, twisting them about, interlocking the fingers. He wrenched and strained away, looking at nothing else, uttering no word. The process struck her as horrible.

"Don't," she said, laying her hand on his.

He turned to her. She smiled as bravely as she could.

"Tell me all about it," she said.

He wrenched his eyes away.

"Whatever it is," she went on, "whatever it is."

And the three words forgave everything, no matter what it might be.

"You don't know," he said. "You'll think different—soon."

He resumed the piteous wrestling with his hands, dragging them free from her hold.

"Oh, Jack," she said at last; "waiting is worst of all."

"You've got to give me up," he answered in a hard voice.

"Why?"

"I don't want to tell you why. I want you to give me up—to put me out of your thoughts—to put me out of your life. This is no playing at romance. I want you to do it. You must do it. Only do it bravely. Accept it. Don't get bitter. Look ahead. Always ahead. Never back. . . . Will you do it?"

"Tell me why," she said quietly.

"I will—if you ask. But I have asked first. It is the last thing I shall ever ask you. I know what I'm doing. You have a long time to live. Changes will come. The world's full of compensations—and other people. Don't answer for a minute. Think. You know your own nature. Have you the strength to put a thing behind you, and say, 'I will forget that; that's dead. I'm not going to let it hurt me, and I'm not going to let it spoil me?'"

"Not without knowing why," she said steadily.

He tried once more, using iron restraint. But still the piteous working of his fingers went on.

"I am never going to see you again. Whatever happens it will be dead with me. I think my love for you is dead already, but if it isn't I'm going to kill it, if it takes years."

She remained calm, though the blood slowly drained from her face.

"You can't kill it," she said. "And if you try, it's wicked. You have done something. You think it is unworthy of me."

"It is unworthy of myself. More than all, it is unworthy of the self I ought to have been after knowing you."

"I was coming to that," she continued patiently. "You can't be unworthy of that self. Don't I know a part of you which nobody else knows, and which could never alter? You couldn't alter it. It's mine. I made it. You can't get rid of it so long as I want it to be there."

"It's your love for me."

"Yes."

"Is that how some women think of men?" he said in a low voice.

"All women—at some time of their life."

"Oh, my God," he said very quietly, "this is greater than I can bear."

He made to bury his face in his hands, but controlled himself, and wearily shook his head. There was no way of escape in weakness.

"Tell me," she said. "*I* can bear it."

"I'm a thief."

She nodded, almost as if she knew.

"I've been a thief for a long time. They found out to-day—this afternoon. They sent for a detective. I got out. Through the lavatory window. I—whom you have thought honourable, given your love to, believed in——"

"Hush," she said.

"I," he went on, his composure breaking, "who represent manhood for you—I sneaked out, I ran. Oh God, how I ran! A rat, a coward, a thief. I! And I had to come to you."

"Have you got any money?"

The question, the practical manner in which it was delivered, made him turn his head and stare.

"Money?" he said.

"To get away with."

"Get away!" He gave a cackling laugh. "I should be caught before I started. I shall probably be arrested before I leave this park. . . . Eva," he cried, with sudden panic, "it mus'n't happen while you're with me. I hadn't thought of that! Oh, go away! go away *now*."

"Hush," she said quietly. "They won't come yet. How much is it?"

"I don't know."

"Don't know?"

"It's got beyond me," he answered dully. "The books are in an awful mess."

"You have let yourself go?"

"It has been—like an octopus."

Her head dropped a little with momentary despair.

"It's you—not me," he said.

"But to have you disgraced—sneered at—imprisoned! Won't they let you off if you refund the money? We can find it if we have time. Oh, won't they?"

"It's too late. Everybody in the office knows. It's been systematic. I've been betting. There's no way out."

"Oh, if you had only told me in time!—No, I don't mean that. I know you've been fighting to save me knowing. But if I'd only guessed. I ought to have guessed."

"Eva," he cried in anguish, "don't reproach *yourself!* It's I who have done it. I don't mind the punishment. But that you might have been spared—I've prayed for it, prayed like a wild thing. But it has happened. At least, you have been saved from me."

"The you that is mine," she said with odd pride, "hasn't done anything. It isn't that. It's what is going to happen to you. Can't you escape? Is there no way at all?"

"I would not if I could," he said; "now that you know all. We could never be the same again, even if you waited, and tried to pretend it would make no difference. I should always feel ashamed."

He stood up with weary calm.

"You must go back now," he said. "They'll be wondering where you are."

"I can't go" she cried. "I won't go. Let us sit here till it's dark—and then——"

"And then——," he said. "No, it is settling-day. Let me go now—and pay."

IS PROFESSIONAL SPORT WORTH WHILE?

A WARNING TO THE AMATEUR.

Some years ago—to be precise, when I was "sweet sixteen"—I was a most ardent worshipper at the shrine of the god of sport and muscle. "*More* sacred thy body, even than thy soul" may indeed have been said to be my perverted and unconscious motto.

I went in for boxing, wrestling, running, and the more "solid" side of physical culture—systematic exercise. First and foremost was my love of boxing.

At seventeen I had my first ring-fight—and won. Boyishly elated with my success, I had dreams of splendid victories and future glory and greatness. Two or three "scraps" followed, and again I was successful. Vistas of a glorious career were opened up to me, until one day——

DISILLUSIONMENT.

It was in Newcastle, and a big fight was in progress at the once-famous Ginnett's Circus. Intently watching the combatants, on the alert for every move, and watchful for any new wrinkle, I was oblivious to everything around me. In the fifth round came the end, and the fatal count of "ten" made one a proud victor—and the other a loser.

"Good fight, that," said a man sitting by my side.

"It was," I replied, "but I never expected to see Dixon lose."

"No! but it's always the same, all the champs. get licked, and it's the first licking that nearly always starts the end."

"Starts the end?" I echoed.

"Yes," replied my newly-found acquaintance, with all the freedom of one follower of sport towards another. "No man lasts for long, and once he starts downhill he doesn't want pushing to reach the bottom."

That set me thinking, and during the progress of the next fight, a mediocre affair, put on hurriedly because of the abrupt termination of the "star" turn, and altogether lacking in interest, I found time to ask my kind informant many questions.

SOUND ADVICE.

"You're young Cunningham, aren't you?" he asked.

"Yes," I replied, rather flattered at the thought of being known to this "sport."

"Do you intend taking up scrapping for a living?"

I modestly replied that I had certainly thought about it, but didn't know if I'd be good enough.

"Take my tip, kid, and never be good enough," was the unexpected and rather disappointing reply.

Seeing my look of surprise, he hurried to explain.

"Just glance around you, sonny, and look at all the 'sports' you know." I did so. "See that chap in the white sweater doing second?"

"Yes."

"Do you know how much he'll get for to-night's work?—a dollar if his man wins, less, perhaps, nothing, if he loses, and yet that man was in the running for the middle-weight championship once, making hundreds. What is he now?" I could see.

"See those three sitting together? One of them was touted as the coming champion at his weight—now he's fighting six rounds for fifteen bob. It's always the same when a man reaches the top and turns, as they all do—he's not long in reaching the bottom, and he mostly stays there."

THE "HAVE-BEENS."

All around were "good old have beens," and each was pointed out, and each supplied his moral.

With regret I left my newly-found friend, and went home in a far different frame of mind and with far different thoughts than I usually did.

"Was it worth while?" I asked myself. Sport, and especially a life of professional sport, strongly appealed to me, but now I was disturbed.

The next week I went to Gosforth races with a friend, and with my lesson at the boxing hall still before me.

We discussed it on the way and until we entered the enclosure.

"Race card, sir?" said a voice, and a ragged, diminutive figure thrust a yellow card before us. I thought I recognised the man from photographs as being once one of the foremost jockeys on the Turf; my friend confirmed it—the man was now—what?

There they were, "bookies' touts" and "clerks," half, yes more than half of them, once prominent figures in the realm of professional sport, and for the few successful men who had survived the dragging down there were many who had gone under.

SILENT WARNINGS.

It's the same in almost every sport. Go to a boxing-hall, race-meeting, a wrestling, a football, or a running match, and there you will see them all, the veterans of sport, the silent and unconscious warners that turn a man from allowing his love of sport to tempt him into making it a means of earning a temporary livelihood as a professional.

The examples that I had seen, and the thought that I had given it, turned me from my ambition to become a professional athlete.

Vigorous sport is still my only recreation. To me, there is nothing more contemptible than the "man" who spends his leisure hours poring over Lucy Loolove's latest sentimental love story or wading through the lurid trash he should have left off with his boyhood's knickers, whilst all around him, out under God's sun, and in the fresh air, gaining health and strength, are *men* who play in play-time as in play-time they should, and are not one whit the worse, but infinitely better when the work comes.

A "pro" is in almost every case past his best soon after reaching the age of thirty. When men in other walks of life are at their best, his sun has set, and his patrons—the public—know him no more.

What can he do for a living?

All cannot be trainers, or coaches, or teachers of the game. He has no profession, knows no trade—what can he do?

A RECREATION, NOT A PROFESSION.

Perhaps you say he should have saved. No doubt he should, but how many sportsmen do—or can? Besides, only the giants of professional sport can ever hope to save enough to keep them in comfort when their day has gone.

If you are athletic, there is plenty of scope in amateur sport—enough for the best.

I point no moral, for it needs no pointing. As I said before, to any sports or athletic meeting, where professionals compete, there are the *living* morals. They will show you how long is the reign and how great the advantages of being a professional athlete or sportsman.

Then think—think whether it is worth while exchanging the solid though, perhaps, humdrum things of life for the precarious chance of a brilliant career which will last for half a dozen years—does it ever last for more?

R. CUNNINGHAM.

CHEAP HEALTH.

The man who lives in a great city or town and who can only get away to the purer air of seaside or country for short spaces at very long intervals, is wont in his more irritable moments to grumble a little; but in reality he has many little things to be thankful for.

And one of these things is the motor-'bus.

Say, for instance, that you are feeling seedy as you start to business in the morning. Possibly you have been out late the night before, and have got up fagged and unrefreshed in consequence. Well, instead of taking the train, as usual, you will be well advised to go on a motor-'bus, if possible on top.

The keen air dashed against your face as you rush along, and the jolts and jars as the vehicle rattles over ruts and cobbled roads will pick you up wonderfully. There is no better tonic for the tired town-worker than the motor-'bus.

After all, it is every bit as good as the wealthy man's luxurious motor-car—and there is a difference in the price.

THE MODERN MAN LEAGUE.

By filling up and posting the form printed below you will gain many thousands of potential friends who are scattered throughout the length and breadth of Britain, all of them first-rate sportsmen.

The badge gives you the privilege of speaking to other members without the formality of an introduction, for you are both friends of ours.

These are the badges we supply, with their respective prices: Gold-plated tie-pin or safety pin, 6d.; gold-plated lapel or cap badge, 6d.; gold-plated pendant for watch-chain, 6d.; solid silver-tie-pin or safety-pin, 1s.; solid silver lapel or cap badge, 1s.; solid silver pendant for watch-chain, 1s.; 9-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant, 6s.; 18-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant, 12s.

Fill up the coupon, striking out the words which do not apply, enclose it with a P.O. to cover the price of the badge you select, and post your letter to the Editor, THE MODERN MAN, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London. Please write the word "League" on the top left-hand corner of your envelope.

APPLICATION FORM.

Please enrol me as a Member of THE MODERN MAN League, and forward me a Badge of Membership, for which I enclose P.O. value.....

I desire the Badge to be of 18-ct. gold, 9-ct. gold, solid silver, gold-plated; and it is to be fitted as a tie-pin, a safety-pin, a pendant for the watch-chain, a lapel or cap badge. (Strike out the words which do not apply.)

Signature.....

Address.....

.....

The League Badge (Actual size.)

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

TROOPER KERNAHAN'S LONE RIDE

By JOHN HILARY GARRATT.

In the afternoon sun the camp had been drowsing peacefully—at least, all those men who had not the wonders of a Territorial's home to show to small nephews, aged grandfathers, pretty cousins, or, better still, pretty girls who were not even the traditional "cousins" except among those who considered themselves jesters.

"Where's Kernahan got to?" It was Trooper Carteret, very much at his ease on a camp chair, who put the query to his somnolent, smoking friends.

"I don't know," said Trooper Stephen. "The man's so confoundedly energetic. Even when the Colonel's kind enough to let us off fatigue work on account of the excessive heat, that sweet young man Kernahan must needs have his daily horse exercise, like a liverish publican advised bumping the saddle for his health three times a day after meals. Where did he say he was going, Carteret?"

"Out Wishing Well way. Hanton Park. Four miles," said Carteret concisely.

"What's he gone to wish for?" asked Alexander.

"Reform of our noble selves?"

"Oh no. Been wishing for chaps who'll speak nicely of me behind my back."

It was Kernahan, very hot, booted and spurred, who darkened the door of the tent.

"So here we are again," he went on. "Cup of tea, Stevie—quick, I'm thirsty."

The private commissariat was always Stephen's department, by reason of the fact that in his distant Brermouth home he managed a big hotel noted for its *cuisine*.

Many were the tasty rissoles that he concocted for his friends. And many also were the disappointed jests flung across space from other less fortunate yeomen whose palates had been tickled to no purpose by the reek of these good things. A patent paraffin stove, which Stephen pumped, did the good work, and ere long Kernahan was burying his rather decided nose in a massive mug.

"This a bath or a hot drink, Stephen?" he said. "Phew! But it's good though. Dev'lish good. I say——"

He stopped suddenly.

"But you chaps 'ud never believe it," he said, tantalisingly.

"Oh yes we should. *You* aren't Carteret," said Alexander, with point.

"He's evidently got *your* form weighed up, Carteret," Kernahan went on. "You go to the Wishing Well, and wish for a reputation for Truth."

"Perhaps," Kernahan added solemnly, "he'd get it."

"Look here," said Stephen, inspecting the inside of the empty teapot, "you aren't going to make us believe——"

"Oh, no. I don't want to. I don't know whether I believe it myself exactly. But you'll get it as straight as I did. (Gosh! This old mattress is like a lump of baked clay.) By the way, Stevie, you fancy yourself on your general local knowledge (being very efficient in the lady department, I notice). Now, are there or are there not any boy scouts in this district?"

"Yes," said Stephen.

"You been tr-r-acked by one?" asked Alexander. "One with a broomstick rampant?"

"N-no. Not exactly that, but half a minute. Here? Stephen, any retired generals around this winter, don't you?"

"Retired generals? Rather! One peppery old customer. Got a place somewhere near the Wishing Well."

"Oh, well I couldn't have been dreaming," said Kernahan vaguely.

"Cough it up, ducky," said Stephen with sarcasm. "We're all feeling sleepy."

"I will. . . ." Kernahan finished his tea, and stirred the dregs in his cup absent-mindedly. "Well, after the past slack days (which must have given the failing bottles of embrocation a much-needed rest) I thought that a little quiet ten-mile trot wouldn't do old Peacock any harm. So being interested in the military operations of the Romans round this quarter (because our War Office is showing signs of gradually catching them up), I went out towards Casterly Castle by Hanton Park. . . . Now, I don't know what it was, but I'd no sooner got into the Shady Avenue——" ("Road that begins in Hanton Park," Stephen explained to Alexander) "when I seemed to be surrounded with a regular atmosphere of mystery. There were whistles and funny calls echoing all through the woods on either side, sort of little buzzings everywhere as if the Little People were about——"

"This isn't a Peter Pan yarn, is it?" asked someone.

"Oh no. It turned out to be boy scouts—at least, I suppose I may add the 's.' I only spoke to one—the only one I saw."

"Good Lord. You've been talking to a boy scout, Kernahan? My hat!" exclaimed Carteret.

"Keep your hat and your wig on. I've been talking to—all sorts of people—this afternoon. I wouldn't mind if it seemed natural, but somehow it doesn't. Anyhow"—Kernahan brightened up—"I saw this kid in the clearing where the trees thin a little.

"He cut down a green lane or sort of bridle-path, and I don't know what possessed me, but I took that lane, too—and 'pretty' doesn't describe it. Well, I didn't see that Baden-Powell's whelp anywhere, so I forgot all about him until a bend brought me—where do you think?"

"Out to the Wishing Well's clearing. It's the short cut. You turn off to the right from Shady Avenue." This from Stephen, very practically.

"That's right. I'd never heard anything about short cuts, anyhow—and there was the well——"

"With the Roman inscription done into English by the clerk of the District Council and pasted up on an unsightly board," said Stephen.

"That's right, too. I read the inscription——"

"And wished," said Stephen. "Everyone who goes there says he hasn't. But they all do."

"Well, I did—for fun. I wished for a Practicable Solution to the Home-Defence Question. You have to say it aloud, you know."

"My—you don't want much," said Trooper Alexander. "What happened? Flash of lightning and Lord Kitchener appeared?"

"No. The boy scout did. He took a sandwich out of a haversack slung over his shoulder and commenced to eat. I tethered Peacock loosely to a tree and let him feed.

"'Well, what are you doing here?' I asked him.

"He held up the sandwich and laughed. Tweaky kid, he was.

"'What are *you* doing here?' he asked me.

"'Nothing,' says I.

"'Go on. You were wishing. I heard you. They say if you're heard accidental, you get what you wish. Hullo! Who's that?'

"He put his sandwich into ambush, and peered a head over the stone figure near the well. *I* had heard nothing.

"'It's all right. It's only an old buffer—a retired general or something like that. Let's take a seat on the grass. It's not so stand-offish,' he says, 'besides the old gentleman may want the seat. And he's got an A 1 temper,' says the kid.

"Well, it was too hot to do much. I just stretched myself out on the grass, and the kid quietly finished his sandwich.

"The next things I became aware of were the polished boots of the general who took a seat on the wooden bench by the well. He hadn't been there long before a—a pair of tattered shoes came up. (You must remember that I was lying down, and the peak of my forage-cap limited my view). The wearer of the tattered shoes spoke to the general, and observed that he wanted some brass for a bed.

"'There's the workhouse,' said the retired general. 'But it's a howling shame,' he went on, 'that a hulking great chap like you should want to go into it. Tried His Majesty's Forces? The Army? The Navy?'

"I looked up then. This representative of the unemployed *was* a hefty great chap, and no mistake.

"'Don't want to go into the Army, sir,' he said. 'When there's anything going in my job I can earn better money than Army pay——'

"'And yet,' said the general, triumphantly, 'you now want the country to keep you! That's what it comes to indirectly, doesn't it?'

"'I reckon it does,' said the unemployed chap.

"'In exchange,' the old general went on, 'you'll break so much granite set you by a task-master at the nearest workhouse. My scheme's *the* thing'—the old gentleman broke off—*the* thing. And there's a representative of the Force,' he said, spotting me.

"The ragged scamp jumped.

"'*Territorial* Force,' laughs the general.

"Then I was brought into the conversation.

"'What's your idea of the Territorial Force as a whole?' he asked me.

"'A thoroughly dependable fighting factor,' I answered him honestly, '*if* it were very much numerically strengthened.

"'That's it,' cried the old gentleman. 'Numerically strengthened. And—here we are.'

"'Where?' I asked. I should not have been surprised at anything happening this a'ternoon—not if every blade of grass had grown into a Territorial recruit.

"Sounds rather like an allegory, don't it?—a heavenly story with no earthly meaning.

"'Look at both of 'em,' said the general.

"Then I tumbled to it that he meant the unemployed man and the boy scout.

"'I don't follow you sir,' I said. I didn't—quite.

"Just then a chap wearing spectacles comes up, reading.

"'He's something to do with it, too,' said the general. 'Good afternoon, schoolmaster.'

"The schoolmaster shut up his book.

"'Don't let me interrupt you,' says the general.

"'I've been thinking,' said the schoolmaster, that I might learn more from you, sir.'

"'You've your *own* sphere of usefulness,' says the old gentleman, 'but there are things that you may hear from me worth teaching him'—and he pointed to the boy scout.

"'Patriotism?' the schoolmaster asked.

"'Well—a little of that very tactfully—and a lot of drilling. He'll grow up, you know, and we want him to substitute the rather sketchy rig-out he wears for what this man is wearing.'

"He indicated me.

"'There are thousands of him in the country,' the general went on, referring to the boy scout. 'This business gives them a taste for tactics; it teaches 'em combining. There are a lot who laugh at the boy scouts, but in three years——'

"'He'll be the new Territorial Army,' said the schoolmaster.

"'Those of him that are of the right sort,' says the general.

"'And the others, you won't want,' said the schoolmaster.

"'Precisely,' said the general. 'And there you have a very fine basis—the dimensions of which largely depend on you, Mr. Schoolmaster, of an excellent Standing Territorial Force. But even that won't be half numerically strong enough on a war footing!'

"'Then what's the solution?' I asked.

"'Briefly,' said the general, 'fill barracks instead of workhouses. Let 'em learn to break the power of the enemies of this country instead of granite. Think of it,' he says very enthusiastically, 'barracks in every big centre for training what would be the granite-breaking, or starving, unemployed to the art and practice of holding a rifle and firing it straight. Drill . . . discipline. It's stupendous,' said the old gentleman.

"'I don't see quite how it is practicable,' I said. 'He said that he could earn more at his trade when there was work going. He wouldn't do it. He wouldn't join this——'

"'Home-Defence Reserve,' said the general.

"The unemployed chap nodded his head.

"'Not anyhow,' he said.

"'Not under the existing conditions, you mean,' said the general. 'I mean that when you could get good employment you should be allowed to go and take it—in every respect a free citizen again. Just the same, in fact, as when you leave the workhouse. Only you'd have been better employed than at breaking granite in return for your board and lodging, and the cost to the country in taxes would, if you go into the matter, be little or no more than the ratepayers pay for the upkeep of workhouses. Think of the thousands who would go through that mill annually. Think of 'em, if necessity arose, all *used* to it, and say, is not that a practicable solution to the Home-Defence problem—an economic solution. It's a rough outline, of course,' he says, 'but test it, think of it—and see!'

"Well," Kernahan concluded, "I thought, and lost myself in thinking of it.

"When I looked up that boy scout had untethered my horse and was trying to mount.

"'You want a ladder, kid,' I said to him.

"'He won't—in three years' time,' said the general—and that meant several things."

THINGS THAT GIVE US THE BLUES.

It is Sunday afternoon—and a dark, drizzling, depressing day. Your best pals are away on their holidays, and you feel that a walk by yourself under such uninviting circumstances would be a miserable failure. You are not too flush of money, perhaps, just now, so that you are living in diggings whose surroundings are not so æsthetically pleasing as you might wish.

You light a pipe mechanically, and try to read. But it is no use. As soon as you have read a line you forget what it is about, and have to start again. . . . No, reading is impossible, too.

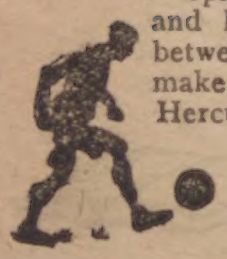
Then, from the street outside a cornet begins to wail out "There will be room for Nelly there." That is the last straw. The "blues" have you in their thrall. . . .

A knock . . . door opened . . . your best friend rushes in—"Home earlier than I expected, old fellow!"—and, low and behold, you are saved from the blues!

GETTING READY FOR FOOTBALL.

It only seems yesterday that the first county cricket match was played this season; and it is difficult to realise that once August is with us the great League football teams will commence practising in earnest for the start on September 1.

Sprinting on the cinder-track, hurdling, skipping, and last, but not least, gruelling practice-games between the first and second elevens, will chiefly make up their programme. But—shades of Hercules—think of football under an August sun.



DUNS

A WHOLLY UNIMPROVING ARTICLE.

The late Jimmy Davis ("Owen Hall" of musical comedy fame) once stated in the course of an autobiographical article that he had lived his life, and that there were only two things left him to experience—the one, solvency; the other, death. Poor chap! he remedied his ignorance of the latter soon enough.

Now, while never touching the fat cheques that "Owen Hall" did—on one occasion he was paid £2,000 down for the "book" of a musical comedy, and "did in" the lot at Ascot the next day—I can at least claim that my periods of affluence have been as rare as a sense of decency in a Suffragette, and to have a somewhat intimate knowledge of the genus Dun.

You see, I have been a soldier, and am now an alleged journalist. Army officers and journalists attract duns like a fowl-house draws a nigger.

I hope Massa Johnson won't come over and hit me for saying this.

Well, as I was saying, having been in the Service, I naturally know a little bit about duns. I fear I joined with a writ in my pocket.

I always think that the man who pleads that he got into debt because he was given credit so easily has more than a bit of the old and unsportsman-like Adam in him.

Still, it *is* mighty easy to outrun the constable in the Army, and mighty difficult to avoid doing so, the former because of the lavish credit given by tradesmen, the latter because the average Army officer is a poor man, and his unavoidable expenses exceed his income.

THE EASY-GOING TRADESMAN.

I must say that tradesmen are, as a rule, very "decent" towards Army men.

I remember one excellent tailor who wrote apologising for drawing my attention to his "little account," which he said he thought I "must have overlooked." As the trifle in question amounted to some seventy odd pounds, I felt flattered by his apparent belief that flea-bites of that size were beneath my notice.

And Army tradesmen will gratefully accept a "fiver" on account of a three-figure bill two years overdue.

But even the harmless necessary "fiver" is not always forthcoming, and then the trouble begins.

Solicitors' letters, and then the full rigour of the law, is the usual course, but occasionally appeal is made to your commanding officer, though this really is not quite playing the game.

I remember one dear old C.O. who, thus importuned by a dun, came to me and said, "Look here, 'Chinstrap,' I wish you would pay this chap, for I owe him a bit myself, and the brute says that if you don't stump up he's going to writ *me*."

WHEN WRITS ARE USELESS.

On another occasion when we were changing stations one of our majors delivered a little homily to us subalterns on keeping up the good name of the regiment, and not leaving any little things in the shape of unpaid bills behind us. We bucked up financially, but none the less an unmistakable dun came sneaking round the trooper. And the man he made for was our sermonising major who had "overlooked" his gas bill or something of the sort.

As a matter of fact you cannot be "writted," or, at least, you can refuse to accept a writ while on duty, and I remember once wearing my sword for a week whilst a red-haired ragbag of a dun hung about my quarters.

Poor devils, duns do not always have an easy time of it. I remember a dun coming on board a trooper to writ my skipper, who, being on duty, refused to take the "pill," and then the dun tried to stick the paper in his sword-belt. This was too much for the men of the company, for they loved their skipper greatly, and they took the dun below and dealt with him; and he was more like an animated scarecrow than ever when at last he was kicked over the side.

He had no remedy, for technically he had assaulted my skipper; but, of course, as a rule it is a great mistake to manhandle a dun, unless he exceeds his duty. For example, if the broker's men come into your home after sunset, you can safely boot them out again; but to assault a sheriff's officer acting within his rights is a very serious matter, and may mean imprisonment without the option of a fine.

Duns, as a rule, are scum, but not always. I now distinguished black-and-white artist was at one time employed by a debt-collecting agency. At the time of the Jack-the-Ripper murders he was down in the East-End on "business," and happened to come on the scene just after a wretched woman had been done to death and her mangled remains discovered. My friend had with him a small, black bag, and someone in the crowd raised the cry that he was Jack the Ripper.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

It was not a time for explanations. My friend took to his heels, and the crowd chased him for the best part of three miles. After that he came to the conclusion that dunning was a trifle too exciting, and took to Art.

Another dun I knew was an ex-University Fellow, who had gone under through drink and other causes. He was an agreeable chap, and used to curse his employers with wonderful point and fluency.

All said and done, however, there is neither fun nor dignity in being dunned. Sometimes you may be the victim of circumstances, as for example when you back a bill for a pal and he leaves you to meet it.

But as a rule the attentions of duns mean either that you have incurred debts you had no business to incur, or that you are trying dishonourably to evade your just obligations.

"CHINSTRAP."

SPECIAL BOXING HINTS.

Of course, the be-all and the end-all of science in boxing is the art of feinting; and the varieties of this are so numerous that they would require a large-sized volume to treat with anything approaching to exhaustiveness. But here is a very good feint that often tells against a man who is not a very old bird. It is to feint some particular hit in such a way as to make your opponent think that you really are only feinting it. Then, when he is on the look-out for something different, put in the very stroke which you were feinting.

For instance, feint a lead at the head, in a slightly ostentatious way, so as to make your man think that you really have designs on his wind. He will instinctively prepare for a body hit, and this will be your opportunity for a lightning hit at his head.

But, while we are on the subject of feinting, let me warn all would-be experts *never* to feint with the right. A good man never leads with his right—unless, of course, he is a left-handed boxer, but this is a different case altogether—so that if your adversary knows anything, and sees you feinting with your right, he puts you down as a duffer at once.

SWIMMER'S WISDOM

SOME USEFUL HINTS FOR SEASIDE BATHERS

The seaside season is now in swing, and every day the coast hundreds disport themselves the briny, the women ng up and down in the e so many shapely ng-the-box; and the ring in vigorous ng exercise of vary- ees of proficiency. all make a start e. The most ex- mer among us was beginner once; so to say that ll be a good many swimmers who have only taken to the e here are a few of advice which will be of use to such

you are only partly with the water advisable not to swim in the sea when the water is perfectly smooth and you are accompanied by a fairly strong mer. Practically every seaside town of any sequence possesses a sea-water swimming and this should be your resort when the er is at all rough.

And when at the swimming bath, you should pect this rule. Never unless it is absolutely eary, put your feet to the bottom when you the water. In swimming, confidence is a ter of supreme importance, and once you have ired the power of keeping your body afloat moving in the water, the depth of the latter ld never be given a thought. If you allow self to get into the habit of putting your feet the bottom after going a few strokes, you will d your progress materially, and, indeed, you never gain as full a degree of confidence in water as you would have otherwise.

FROM THE BATH TO THE SEA.

never land without landing, or, in other words, at the time you are in the water. In this you will never take the depth of the water account, and accordingly will never be ried in the event of such an ordinary accident a fall out of a boat or ship, when fishing, off a pier.

much for the swimming bath; but when forsake it for a swim in the actual "ocean" it best at first to choose an hour when the sea steadily rising. If you do this you will, when only have to turn round and float on the face, to be gently carried back to shore again.

Later, when you gain strength and confidence the water, and take a swim out in a fairly sea, you will find that the management of breath is a very important matter. Keep mouth shut, and take breaths only when you opportunity, as, for instance, in the more or smooth water which is met with just after a has passed.

WAVES AND.

By the way, apropos of waves, don't forget that one has gone by you, you will feel a ing back of the water. When this it is of absolutely no avail to attempt to forward. Just keep afloat, and strike out as the next wave comes along.

If you are bathing from a pier, and the tide is ning at all strongly, be careful how you come out of the water. Sometimes even a quite harm- looking wave will be powerful enough to dash the unwary swimmer up against the woodwork or the steps of the pier with an unpleasant velocity. So when you think of coming out, keep at a fair distance from the landing-place until the water is momentarily smooth, when you should swim in with all speed.

Finally, you will not, if you are wise, be persuaded to essay the joys of a "moonlight swim," beloved of a certain type of crank. Swimming should never be indulged in when the body is in the slightest degree fatigued, which it is bound to be in the evening, even though you may not be conscious of it. In the same way, if you have been playing cricket or sand-hockey or any such game, do not enter the water, for it is at such times that cramp is most likely to attack you.

And in case of such accidents it is advisable, if you want to swim any distance, to swim parallel with the shore, and not out to sea.

The man who tries to see how far out he can swim often forgets that that he has got to get back again, and does not leave a reserve of strength.

S. C. JARVIS.

A BACHELOR PARTY IN ROOMS.

There is nothing more enjoyable to a sociably-disposed man than to give a bachelor party in his rooms or to go to such a function at another man's place.

And such a party has the additional attraction that it is inexpensive. Some sandwiches, a few bottles of beer, or, indeed, goodly jugfuls procured by the landlady's slavey from the nearest hostelry, and you are fixed up. But stop a minute! We'd forgotten the tobacco. You must have a good supply of that, too. The tastes of your guests will differ in this respect, so get some Turkish and Virginia cigarettes and a lot of your own smoking mixture, and then there will be a good range for all to choose from.

A USEFUL COMPANION.

It was said by some sage old fellow that a man could go through the world comfortably if he always had about him a knife, a shilling, and a bit of string.

To this short list of absolute necessities one more should be added, particularly in the case of full-living outdoor men. The fourth item is—a magnifying glass. There is not always, or every day, a use for this useful little article, but a man who knows that he has in his waistcoat pocket a magnifying glass about the size of a five-shilling piece (but not nearly so heavy or clumsy) will feel that he is better equipped than the man who has not.

For one thing, a magnifying glass in sunny weather is better than many matches. If you smoke, focus the sun's rays on your loaded pipe, or on the tip of your cigarette, and draw. You will get all the light you need.

Here is another use. In the course of outdoor rambles it is often your misfortune to run a thorn into the flesh. It burns, pricks, irritates, and annoys. But you cannot quite see, with the naked eye, exactly where its head comes to the surface, and in what direction it lies under the skin. With a glass both these important facts are obvious, and your efforts to get it out are much more likely to be successful.

CANKERS OF THE TURF.

ELEMENTS THAT ARE ROTTING THE SPORT OF KINGS.

It is not many weeks ago now that Mr. "Fairie's" Lemberg ran away with the 1910 Derby in record time; and the horse's easy victory led the most astute followers of racing to predict an equally decisive success in the great French race, the *Grand Prix de Paris*.

But Lemberg was not in the first three. His show against the French horses was a deplorably poor one, considering the almost unapproachable "form" that had been attributed to him in England. And his defeat was yet another decisive demonstration that English racing of the present day is not what it once was.

It cannot be denied that the average racehorse seen on English racecourses is a wretched specimen of its kind. Speed it generally possesses *over a short distance*, but only a sadly small percentage of horses nowadays can get an inch further than five furlongs at racing pace.

Both as regards breeding and training, we have started on a retrograde course. And what is more, the money element has such a hold in racing that the short race is a feature which will take a lot of shifting.

For instance, the promoters of race-meetings were not slow to realise that it is a far easier thing to get together ten or fifteen runners for a five-furlong sprint than to whip up four or five for a race as long as two miles. The trainers were equally quick to grasp this point, and noticing the rapid increase in the number of short races at every meeting, began systematically to train their horses for such distances; since the inducements to make them fit for long races had been practically reduced to *nil*.

Another fact that is regrettable, too, from the sportsman's point of view, is that the old-fashioned owner, who raced his horses solely for the sporting pleasure of seeing them win, has practically disappeared, and his place has been taken by the millionaire and the "professional owner."

The advent of the former has resulted in an undue inflation of prices all round, and the demand of an entirely false value for any horse who may have managed to acquire a temporary notoriety.

What is more to be deplored, all the horses with any pretensions to class pass into the hands of a ring of plutocrats, in whom the sporting spirit is generally subject to the commercial instinct, so that the element of actual sport is confined practically to one or two poorer owners who can only afford to buy and breed second-rate animals.

The "professional owner" is responsible for the great increase in the number of "selling plates." He, confessedly, races his horses purely for making money; and his favourite way of doing this is to enter them for selling plates of a greater value than their original cost to him. It is easy to see that he is not an owner who is likely to raise in any great degree the tone of English racing.

As we have hinted above, the weak point in our horses to-day is stamina; and this is said by the best authorities to be the result of putting sires to the stud too young.

Lastly, the disappearance from the racing-world of the old-fashioned sporting owner of the county-gentleman type is in a great measure due to the excessive fees paid to trainers and jockeys.

Of course, in these days it is a fairly common thing for a crack jockey to be earning more than the income of many of the small owners who occasionally engage him; and the huge dimensions of jockeys' "retaining fees" have brought about the retirement of the sporting owner of a generation ago.

C. B. HARTLEY.

JOCK

A TRUE TALE OF A MAN WHO LAPSED.

Jock was a Scotsman living outside his native land. He was of a type that the Kailyard novelists appear to have overlooked. He was not an elder, and he neither "pecked" nor "hoasted"; on the contrary, he was a rough, big-hearted, cheery fellow whom it was a pleasure to meet.

In the days when I first knew him he enjoyed a nip of good whisky, (and he knew good whisky), told a good story, sang a song with gusto, and was the life of any company. Some men said that he was queer. They were wrong. He was straight: they were queer.

There was nothing very queer about a man who, half or wholly sober, would most thoroughly punch the head of any man in a company who was cad enough to make a loose remark about a woman.

He had one invariable question then. He would rise, a big, loose-limbed giant, and put it softly.

"Is she your sister?"

"No," the other would blurt.

"Aweel, she micht hae been. Ye forget that she's somebody's sister. *Stan' up!*"

We could do with more of Jock's kind about.

* * * * * * *

I remember that I met him one night hurrying home, his clothes dripping.

"I'll be with ye in ten meenits," he said: and he was.

Then we learned how he had been strolling along the bank of the river and heard a cry. It was inky black over the river, and it ran deeply and swiftly, but he went in at once. He threw off only his jacket. He caught the drowning man and swam ashore with him, but he had trouble first.

"The dagoned man made a clutch at me," said he, "an' he near had me drooned wi' himsel'."

He pulled steadily at his pipe, mentally recalling the dangerous occurrence.

"But he didn't grip you, Jock," one hazarded at length.

"He did that. He was like a daft man." Again he paused.

"You had trouble then?"

"Oh, nothing to speak o'. I had a pair o' heavy boots on, so I landed yin of them in his stomach. He let go then, an' the rest was easy."

Bit by bit we learned the whole story. Jock got his man ashore, and found that he was drunk. The big man decided that strong measures were necessary.

"A man that gets drunk enough to gang near the river at nicht needs a lesson, so I gied him as fine a leathering as ever he got. He'll no' forget it in a hurry."

Then he took the other man home.

* * * * * * *

Shortly afterwards I met Jock and asked him to come and have a drink. He looked distressed and unhappy.

"No thanks," he said. "I've done wi' that and all wickedness. I've found grace. I'm done wi' the old, sinful life."

"Good Lord!" I ejaculated, and he hurried away.

It was true. He had attended a revival meeting, for fun, and had been carried away. He was the last man I should have regarded as hysterical, yet there was the fact.

The amazing thing—yet, was it amazing, after all?—was that while hitherto he had been a jovial fellow, honest as the day, enjoying life, he became an unhappy wretch, whose look was furtive and whom I would not have trusted.

I do not attempt to explain it, but there was the fact. Jock had taken the wrong turning.

We all of us recognised it.

It was difficult to believe, for instance, that the once generous Jock, who could never refuse to help a man in distress, had actually been seen to pass a woman who pleaded for a penny and had been overheard to say that money was thrown away on such wastrels.

"Let them earn money," he said. "I give every penny I can spare to God's work."

Did ever a man go so terribly wrong?

* * * * * * *

Well, it is over now—the time of weakness and mistaken well-doing. Some weeks ago I met Jock, his old smile on his face.

"Come and have that drink now," he said.

"Jock!" I cried, "You are all right again! You are your old self!"

"Exactly," he said, and he laughed a little shamefacedly. "Mind you, I say not a word against such an experience as I've gone through. It is all right for some, I fully believe. But there are all kinds of us, and I am not of that kind. The old way was clean and straight and honest, and I made the best of life and was happy. I'm back to it for good."

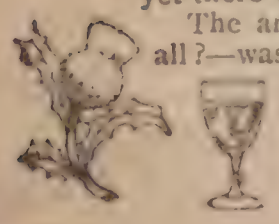
"Thank God," said I.

Curiously enough a beggar came past as we neared the door of the pub. He was a most pitiable wretch.

"Damn ye," said Jock, "there's a sixpence."

Here was the old Jock, the true Jock, and I was glad.

P. C. ANDREW.



ENTRENCHING IN A HURRY.

Out at manœuvres troops are often called upon to throw up hasty entrenchments, the design being practically left to themselves.

The first point to be decided upon is the amount of earth that will give protection from bullets. As has already been stated in THE MODERN MAN 3ft. of loose earth will stop a bullet fired at close range.

The height of the parapet, however, is also of importance. For example, if a man takes cover behind a parapet 3ft. thick and 2ft. high he will be absolutely protected from fire when lying down, but he will not be able to give the enemy one or two for himself.

In other words, a parapet 2ft. high is too high to allow of a man firing over it when lying down, while on the other hand it is too low to allow a man to fire in comfort over it in the kneeling position, apart from giving a little cover when in that posture. The same height of parapet will not suit all men, but for an average man the heights over which he can fire, assuming the ground to be level, are as follows:

Lying down nine inches to one foot; kneeling or sitting, 3ft.; standing, 4ft. 6in.

For firing when standing, the height from the firing-step to the elbow rest, when there is time to provide one, should be about 3ft. 9in.

When firing up hill the total height of the parapet should be about 4ft. 9in., and six inches less when firing down a steep slope.

When it is a case of working against time, more attention should be paid to the depth of the trench behind the parapet than to its width. At the same time, the trench should be at least two feet wide, for a man cannot conveniently work in less space.

ECONOMICAL HOLIDAYS.

HOW TO KEEP YOUR EXPENSES DOWN TO THE LOWEST LIMIT.

If there is any consideration that mars, general rule, the average man's enjoyment annual holiday, it is, without doubt, the question money.

Very few of us in these days of cut-throat ness competition and cheese-paring sal overburdened with cash, for a weekly incom even thirty shillings takes a lot of earni that it behoves the man who is in receip that sum to go in for a careful consider ways and means before starting on his hol

Here are a few hints from the experience who himself has been compelled to wrestle such financial worries, which will assist you materially to cut down expenses when you are supposing that you prefer the orthodox sea holiday to a more unconventional one in cam in the country.

First of all, it is a good plan to go down to your seaside resort, wherever it is, by an exc train. Excursions are run at absurdly low and, even though you do not use the return your ticket will probably cost you less than ordinary "single." Going back, however, you have to pay the full ordinary fare, for excurs are very seldom run *from* the seaside to cities and towns.

With regard to lodgings, beware of y lady's "extras." These are always exto and should be rigidly repressed. Try to inclusive terms with her; but if her offer high, or if she insists on separate cha meals, get as much for yourself as you can.

For instance, why not find room among luggage for a small kettle, a spirit-lamp, a of tea, and a large jar of marmalade? do away with any charge for breakfast she is sure to quote at 9d. a day at least.

Also by getting in some lemonade pow getting your landlady to make it for you laying in a stock of biscuits, you have the for a "snack" just before going to bed.

You will find it cheaper to buy all you yourself and get the landlady to cook it even if you have to pay her a shilling a week more for her trouble in this respect. us calculate your weekly outlay for food as

Butter 6d., eggs 7d., milk 4d .....
Bread 9d., vegetables 7d., meat 3s. 6d. .....
Incidentals.....

The total is 7s. 3d., and, assuming washing bill comes to a shilling, and that of your room is 7s. 6d., your entire outlay be about fifteen shillings and ninepence. are few landladies at the seaside who man full board and lodging for so small that.

The present writer numbers among his ances a man who manages, by a very to live rent-free during his holidays, leave a large over-plus of money for e

He goes to the same resort and lodgings every summer; and every month out his working year he forwards to his landlady a small sum to ensure her room for him during the two weeks of his ments. Many a seaside landlady will be pleased to agree to such an arrangement small sum regularly every month dur winter will be very useful to her.

Say that his rent for the fortnight is shillings. Well, every month he sends shilling, and threepence—an insignificant and during his holiday he lives untrammelled thoughts of rent.

Many men seem to imagine that the holiday enjoyment cannot be attained goes a very long distance from one's h surely this is a fallacy. Choose a seaside as near as possible to you, and you will economise over your railway fare. In fact, are a cyclist you need pay no fare at all.

F. T.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

GABRIELLE OF GOODWOOD

By BERNARD MACKLIN.

It was one of those glorious days when the breeze and the good sunshine seemed to be vying with each other to secure the affections of Newmarket Heath, each, loverlike, giving the very best—the sun of its warmth, the breeze of its cool relief.

Therefore, despite the fact that various well-known friends of mine were pursuing their lawful occupation—that of watching the various strings of horses at work on the Heath—I was glad to smoke the pipe of peace and repose, to half-close my sun-dazzled eyes, and imagine myself in some equine Elysium where the horses, which had run gallantly and well during their lifetime, had passed to some equine Nirvana where there were no such things as blistering trainers, grabbing owners, and jockeys who overdid "punishing" finishes.

I must have been half-dozing when the semi-familiar tones of the debonnair "Ladybird" of Tatt's awoke me from that Dream of Good Horses, for he reminded me by his very presence (he was one of the Newmarket Notes for two well-known sporting papers and had never paid a penny piece for admittance to Tattersall's in all his life) that there were such things as horses that were not "fancied," and horses that ran in Newbury Autumn Sales for no other purpose than seeing how they looked on a racecourse.

He greeted and regarded me quietly with that half-cynical air that had made him so popular among those of the fair sex that went racing (I refer to the fair and casual backers) and had gained for him the pseudonym of "Ladybird" throughout Newmarket—that town of apt nicknames.

My slowly-opening eyes first fell on those beautifully-manicured hands of his that had done no harder work than pushing a pen over the face of a sixpenny writing-pad; then they travelled to his gold-chain-adorned light holland waistcoat, and after that to his well-cut features, which were painted by a straw hat at a rakish angle.

I instantly had no need to look for his satisfactorily-creased trousers, his shiny glacé-kid boots, for well I knew that they were certain to be without reproach.

"Hang you," said I, sleepily. "It's just like you to wake me up in the middle of a pleasant [illegible]."

"[illegible]," said he. Then reminiscently, "Have I awakened from the pleasant dreams of [illegible] even a sporting life, eh? Filthy hot to-day, isn't it?

"You never seem satisfied with anything. Who is the latest trainer's daughter to chuck you over on account of your impecuniosity?"

"Done with 'em all!" said he, taking a seat on the cool grass beside me. "It takes you a year to find all womankind out and know them for what they are (excuse this bit of drama), and I've done it. Love's dead, and I've deaded it.

"I knew it was thin ice that I stood upon—certain to crack on this warm day.

"Well, how's Newmarket going to turn out at the July? 'Twenty starters, I suppose," said I, sleepily; "nineteen Newmarket-trained horses, the twentieth, an outsider from Netheravon, that seem to have got the hang of it," said Lakin, indulgently. "As a matter of fact, all of our horses are being saved for Good-wood. Please the noble patrons' daughters to [illegible] I was goin' to say 'race meetin',' but it's the Excuse-for-a flirtation-in-the-Bird-Cage-at-Goodwood."

"Will you show the sunshine of your presence on the Fourth Estate?"

"Goodwood? No fear! That week, my pal and I shall spend winnin' the remains of the [illegible] Too-dam'-broke-to-go-to-Goodwood pool, upon which I now lavish all my [illegible] and ditto cash. Of course, I haven't seen her to nod to for the very deuce of a time,

have I? Then I've told all Newmarket about Gabrielle, and left one of my very best pals out. It's a thousand to one you've got to have it now whether you like it or not. And you askin' me about trainers' daughters, too! The fashionable light-weight jockeys can have them all. *I* shall bung in no manifestoes on the subject!

"Do you remember the Stewards' Cup last year at Goodwood?"

"Yes. Mediant won."

"That's right 'Datas,' and dearly do *I* blinkin' well remember it! You know Miss J.?" he asked mysteriously.

"*The* Miss J?"

"*The* Miss J. Well, I'm particular pals with her two brothers—beaten 'em both times out of number in the swimming baths when we were kids, and later on when we came to man's estate—which with me represented nix.

"You know old Mr. J.? Decent old stick, isn't he? And, considering he's only a trainer, not a bad amateur tipster. The only thing against him is that he keeps his knowledge of the various good things to himself, impartin' the same only to his daughter, who does most of his away business for him—a business so successful, young-fellow-me-lad, that I'd rather have Miss J. and no cash in hand than any girl you like to name in Newmarket with a dowry of ten thousand quid—always providin' that she still held the post of secretary to pa-in-law."

"Exactly."

"Well, last Goodwood I twigged that many of the best stables would be out for blood, and at the First July Meetin' here I started to make myself particularly pleasant to Miss J., acting as supernumerary escort when her father was not present in the Bird Cage (thus, as luck would have it, losin' the chance of backin' several winners in Tatt's, whither one does not take the fair and virtuous damsels on principle).

"Naturally then, havin' played my cards skilfully, you will not be surprised to hear that I got myself included in the J. family's specially-reserved carriages through to Goodwood, me baskin' in the sunshine of Miss J.'s smile——"

"And her information?"

"Don't be coarse, laddie. You wouldn't catch me askin' a lady for the names of her pa's fancies for wo-orlds! . . . As you say, though, there *are* other ways of obtainin' information besides asking. I looked at the card.

"'This big 'un,' said I (we were in the paddock together after the second race) 'looks a sort of a private view for Mediant.'

"'Romney,' says Miss J., significantly, 'has as nice a pair of hind hoofs as any horse racing to-day, and if your precious Mediant is lucky he may catch a glimpse of them.'

'Then she nodded her head lightly, and off she went with her father to be introduced to Lord Someone. . . . (Lord Someones, you know, are the only alternatives to 'fashionable light-weight jockeys' for trainers' daughters in these days)."

I smiled sarcastically.

"Leaving you to your own charming society, 'Ladybird'?"

"*Quite* correct, old sport. The tipping profession has lost a leading light in *you*. Incidentally, you will observe, it will give me the much-sought-after opportunity to go and make a bold bid for some of Mr. Dooley, the bookmaker's, money, leaving it to Romney to give me the right thereto.

"Now, *this* is where the saddest part of all comes in. Having transacted business with good old Dooley, I went off with a light heart, he being of the sort that you wished owed you 50 thou. One of the best in Tatt's.

"Then—you know I was cursed with a leanin' towards the fillies—I focussed my race-glasses to the opposite side of the course, makin' a comprehensive sweep of the fair contents of the coaches and cars opposite beyond the course, whereon the general public were strolling preparatory to the race for the Stewards' Cup.

"Well, my glasses sort of clung by wireless to a mother-of-pearl pair opposite and beneath the two lenses was the prettiest mouth and set of teeth you ever set eyes on. I looked at my watch. A clear twenty minutes to the race. I took the plunge—and a Reserved Enclosure pass-out.

"A few minutes later I was strolling among the coaches observing ankles, delicate and otherwise, having started artistically at the other end, for all the world as if I hadn't very accurately fixed the exact spot—and the exact pair of mother-o'-pearl race-glasses—I was looking for. You can bet that I hadn't been ambling around thus casually for long before I struck both those things *and* the nicest pair of champagne-silk-stockinged ankles to be seen at glorious Goodwood that day.

"'I thought you'd come over,' said the lady, not waiting for me skilfully to introduce myself. (Such little forms as that are no matter on a coach at Goodwood when the lady, like Barkis, is willin'). 'Why didn't you come straight over instead of going all that way round?' she added.

"I began to like her, and forgot all about the fair Miss J. But—as I read it in your eye, old man—I did *not* forget her tip.

"'Well, what's going to win this race?' she asked, after invitin' me to step up in the vacant place beside her on that coach.

"'George—he's struck on me, and imagines I'm the same on him—has gone round to see if he can hear the certain winner. I had some money on one horse that won, and I'm going to have it all on this next race. Isn't it fun—horse-racing?'

"'When you win,' I answered.

"At that moment George—heavens, he *was* a hefty big chap, and no error!—comes up glaring all over his pugilistic face.

"I was for greasin'.

"'You stay here,' says my lady imperiously. 'This is a friend of my cousin Irene's, George.'

"'Delighted,' says George—and if ever a man's looks gave the lie to his words—but, never mind!

George seemed to have taken an instinctive dislike to me, and I didn't like his looks at all.

"'What are you going to put my fiver on?' the lady asked him.

"'On Mediant, Gabrielle,' replied George promptly.

"I assumed the know-all air. 'Mediant,' said I, quoting Miss J., in effect, '*may* get a passing glimpse of Romney's shoes, but that's about the limit of Mediant's chance to-day.'

"'How do you know?' asked the fair Gabrielle.

"I mentioned the magical name of J., the trainer of 'big' winners.

"'Good e—*nough*!' said Gabrielle (I never knew her other name). 'George, put that fiver on Romney!'

"George made his exit, sulking, for the girl egged

me on to keep calling her 'Gabrielle,' expressly for his edification.

"'And now,' said I, when he'd disappeared, 'I'll go.'

"But at that moment they started clearing the course, and George, who had gone over to Tatt's rails to make the investment, was intercepted by a mounted Bobby and headed back to beyond the judge's box on the other side, Gabrielle laughing like fun the whole time.

"'Now, as becomes a gentleman, you *must* stay here, with me,' says Gabrielle ever so softly.

"And— I stayed."

Mr. Lakin sighed.

"That's where we get had—over that stayin' business," said he sorrowfully. "A man never realises he ought to have gone until it's too late. I—silly fool that I was—proceeded to make myself pretty comfortable. There was plenty of room on that box seat, but the way I squeezed up would have made you think it was the top of the stands at Epsom on Derby Day. And—she didn't object."

"They never do," I interposed.

"No. They—never—do!

"The bell rang out, and they were off. It's a short race that Stewards' Cup—six furlongs—almost as short-lived as my triumph over the snookered George.

"'Way they came, all in a bunch. For a second there were yells of 'Romney! Romney!' and I smiled largely.

"'I told you so,' said I, triumphantly.

"Then 'Mediant does it! Mediant does it!'

"The lucky blighters who'd backed the horse were fairly shriekin' it and my tremblin' ear-drums magnified the noise.

"The next second up went Mediant's number and down went mine literally on the Turf below that box seat.

"Boy, I'd hardly had time to realise that the beauteous Gabrielle had pushed me there when the crack of a whip and a slithering stinging pain in a thin, cutting line across me, opened my eyes to the fact that I, 'Ladybird' Lakin, tipster of many losers in the columns of my Newmarket Notes, was for the first time in my life being punished for my false prophecy. . . .

"Holding my arms up in front of my face, I proceeded to take down Pretty Polly's time for all races, making a blind dash for the Reserved Enclosure.

"As I ran across the course a heavy hand fell on my shoulder. I shuddered. . . . Was it George after his revenge?

"I turned to find it was but old 'Professor' Wraight, the race-card seller.

"'Sir,' says he, 'I have seen all. Take my tip. Women and horseflesh combined means disillusion—as the costermonger said when his missus eloped with the cat's-meat man.'

"And that's why it is all the world to nothin' —against Gabrielle and Goodwood this year."

TEACHING CYCLING.

Any cyclist with a fund of common sense, a deal of patience, and time to spare in the evening, can often add considerably to his income by acting as a teacher of cycling to novices. For, strange to say, we cannot all cycle, even to-day when a bicycle can be had for half a crown a week.

Both men and women are often prevented from learning to cycle because they know of nobody who will give them expert advice and assistance. A small advertisement in your local paper will often bring numerous applicants for assistance. As a rule, a learner is very keen on learning, and will, therefore, be ready to spend considerable time and some money on the task.

A young man giving lessons at, say, a shilling an hour on four nights a week to two or three learners, will thus add up to 12s. to his weekly wage.

The work is not too hard and is very interesting when you really try to go further than merely holding a learner up.

POACHER versus KEEPER

A NEVER-ENDING "WAR" OF WITS.

The fight between them is always going on, though it seldom reaches the stage known as a pitched battle. When it does so there is generally "the devil to pay," and blood runs freely. Sometimes even life itself is sacrificed, and often men are maimed for life.

But the usual fight is one of wit against wit, cunning against vigilance, daring against the strength of the law, poacher against keeper.

The tricks that each will elaborate and carry out with infinite pains and patience are innumerable; as soon as one scheme is known and measures to frustrate it are adopted, the poacher learns another, and so the game goes on, and another sort of game goes—goodness knows where!

A STUDENT OF NATURE.

For when your determined poacher sets out to do things thoroughly he leaves few tracks behind him, and it is to be feared that as often as not the keeper is outwitted.

The amount of nature knowledge that the successful poacher accumulates—must accumulate, in fact, if he is to make poaching profitable—is very considerable. He must study the ways of his prey just as a shopkeeper must study the needs of his customers.

One little instance will show the sort of knowledge he acquires. Take rabbits. The good poacher—the expert poacher I should, perhaps, say—knows well enough that when rabbits come out to feed in the cool and quiet of the evening they act very cautiously at first.

On emerging from the burrows they will sit bolt upright, their ears erect and alert. They will move in short suspicious hops at first.

But after a time, when they have satisfied themselves that all is well, they will drop their ears and scamper off at a great pace from the hedges out towards the centre of the field.

AFTER RABBITS.

Now, the poacher knowing this, takes care to set his snares some distance from the burrows, for he knows that a rabbit that is merely pottering about suspiciously is likely to see and avoid the snare.

On the other hand, one that is scurrying along rapidly, having assured himself that all is well, is much more likely to run slap into the snare and get hopelessly tangled up, to await the poacher when he comes along with his capacious pockets.

There are innumerable instances in which the poacher's "nature study" is of direct benefit to him, and the case of the rabbits is a typical one.

Perhaps even more cunning is the poacher's method of outwitting the keeper and of allaying his suspicions.

The poacher knows that for one pheasant's nest within the wood there will be two on the outskirts, in the outer hedges and scrub. He seldom, therefore, goes into the wood, but walks with apparent aimlessness round about the covers, as if taking a casual Sunday saunter.

If you could feel his pockets or put your hand into them you would often find that they were full of small pieces of broken white crockery. It seems strange that he should carry such rubbish in his pockets, but they prove very useful to him.

MARKING THE PLACE.

It is impossible for him to gather the eggs of pheasant or partridge in the broad daylight with every passing man, woman and child can see. When, therefore, he catches sight of a pheasant's nest in the hedge he drops a piece of crockery on the grass where it will catch his eye as he passes this way at night. Thus he marks the nest.

Many poachers hunt in couples. It is easier to get through the work with assistance, and the punishment when it comes, is easier to bear if shared with another. Anyway, the poaching couple is by no means rare.

Having decided upon a cover that promises a good haul of eggs, that can be sold through devious channels for a fair price, the couple spend the evening in the village pub.

They drink heavily, and make rather a point of staggering through the village, to show everyone that they have had enough.

SLEEPING ROUGH.

Once beyond range of the houses, however, they rapidly sober up, and selecting a convenient spot in a hedge or the corner of a field they "sleep rough," which means that they scorn the comforts of a bed, and remain out all night.

Should the keeper come that way he would be apt to suppose that the men are dead drunk, and would pass on with the satisfied feeling that they have no power of mischief left in them.

But when the keeper passes they open one eye, and as soon as dawn arrives they are astir, and through the wood gathering the olive-branches as fast as they can stow them safely away.

Yet another plan is to find a safe hiding-place in a wood whence they can watch the keeper when he visits the nests. When he has passed through the covers the poacher rises and pays a hurried visit to the nest.

Now and again, when his suspicions are aroused, a keeper will double on his tracks and find the poacher busy. Then there is trouble!

C. EASTON-GIBB.

WHEN IN DOUBT IN SPORT.

In the world of sport and games there are always moments cropping up when you are assailed by doubt as to how you should act.

Cricket is a notorious case in point, especially in the matter of stealing runs. You hit a ball away for what you think is a single, and run half-way down the wicket to find that your partner has not left his crease. Then all there is for it is a manful march back to the pavilion.

If you are in doubt over a short run the great tip is "*don't*." After all it will only add one to your score, and this addition is not worth the risk. Always be certain before you steal a single. If you are in the slightest doubt, and your partner calls you, don't hesitate to shout back "No!"

Passing at football, when the opposing sides are marking their men with zeal, is the most unproductive of moments of indecision, and these are particularly dangerous.

You think of sending the ball out to the wings, but no! They are so well marked that the outsides will be practically helpless. You yourself, in the centre, are threatened by several doughty foemen. What is to be done?

It is not a bad plan to pass back, as a body behind you may be in a better position to see what to do.

MRS. CHIPFIELD'S JIM

A SKETCH.

By F. PROCTOR WATSON.

"You Mrs. Chipfield?"

The man in the silver-buttoned blue of police stopped opposite a squalid doorstep of which an ample-bosomed, unkempt woman sat, her chin on her lap showing many grease stains, when the Chipfield family — Mister, and Jim—had a piece of meat.

The woman looked up.

"I'm Mrs. Chipfield, more's the pity," said she, shortly. "Wot's 'e bin up to?"

The abduction of Master Jim from the path was painful and right was no novelty.

"I 'olds him—James Chipfield," said the man very officially, "hangin' on to the door of a motor-driven vehicle, to wit a taxi-cab, plying to extort money from a fare thereon. . . . An open cab, of course."

"They never give me nuthin'!" said James. He spoke with the air of a hardened criminal, and addressed the cracked concrete of the pavement. "I 'aven't searched yer," said the policeman warningly.

"You kin," said Master Jim, with defiance. The man in the uniform looked at his practically clean hands and then at the begrimed ones.

"I'll forego that — this time," said he. "I've to say to you, Mrs. Chipfield, Keep your boy out of the Strand. If mischief, or the next offence I shall have to make a report. I've let him off too many times as it is!"

The policeman spoke severely, but in his heart he added, "Poor little devil," and went away heavily.

Master Chipfield, aetat 14, stood with his hands in his lamentably pocketless pockets and, whistling loudly, watched his captor slowly turn the corner of the court and the heel of his big boot finally disappear.

"It weren't so bad," said Jim. "Here 'ave I got eightpence in coppers to his self!"

"I'll run to fried fish to-night," said he.

"You little devil," said his mother, loudly. "Didn't I told you not to 'ang on the back of a cab an' plague gentlemen for money?"

Taking no notice of this tirade, Master Jim ran up the court on his badly-booted feet, which lent themselves to silence because of their lack of sole.

"Mother," said he, returning. "'E's gone. It's all right, I tell yer."

"Ah," he added, viciously. "'Ere's a old 'ell," said the head of the family, reeling into the court. "Give me that money, Jim. I 'ain't 'ad the taste of glass between m' lips all day."

"You got no money."

"You little liar," said Mr. Chipfield with a grin. "'And it up."

Jim raised his fist.

"Don't!" said his spouse.

"Ah'll 'ave it!" said Mr. Chipfield, grimly.

Without further words he fell to work. . . . Pinning his wife's wrists in one of his big hands, while he pressed back the thumb of her other hand, finally sending eight coppers rolling about the court.

"Might as well ha' give it me self," said Mr. Chipfield, picking up the coppers. "It's only P.C. Ninety and 'e's got a 'eart 'as big as P.C. Ninety! Come about 'ere, Jim, when there's glory to be 'ad in the Strand."

He staggered off uncertainly, whistling.

"There's a beggar for ye," said Master Jim of his disrespected parent.

Mrs. Chipfield merely stared at the crack in the pavement.

"Reckon you'll have to go again, Jim," said she, with resignation.

"H-m. Cahn't s'y as I like doin' it on P.C. Ninety," said James. "With 'is plain clo'es superiors about, too. Get's 'im wrong you know and——"

He stopped, suddenly.

"It's all right. There's some bread an' drippin'," said his mother. "Not a lot. But I can wait till supper. Mrs. McGie (her man's in work) give me a cup o' scaldchaps just now. . . . I'll do till supper, anyway."

"Right." Master Jim accepted the dripping-smeared bread-crust.

"You cahn't run on nuthin," he added. "I can 'ave another shot at the Open-the-door-for-ye-sir-give-us-tuppence game now. Toode-loo!"

Lightly saluting the lines on his mother's forehead, he ran off.

It was not until an hour later that P.C. Ninety made a reappearance in the court. stalking along looking about him for all the world as if he had never breathed its microbe-laden atmosphere before.

It was dusk, but Mrs. Chipfield still sat on her usual seat—the threshold of her dwelling-house.

"You Mrs. Chipfield?" he asked, quite unnecessarily.

"Yes, more's the pity," droned that lady.

"Well. You must bear up, madam——"

"'Ad to take 'im?" queried Mrs. Chipfield. "Well, 'e'll be better off in a reformatery, though it 'ont leave me—anything. Not anything, Mr. Policeman. Go on."

"I don't know," said P.C. Ninety, "whether it's exactly a Reformatory where he's gone. Mrs. Chipfield, I 'ave to report you that on searchin' the clothes of——"

"James Chipfield," said Mrs. Chipfield, nodding sagaciously, being used to the Law's formulas.

"Of the deceased," pursued P.C. Ninety. "Tuppence was found upon him, which will be refunded to his next-of-kin after the Coroner's inquest into the cause of the accident, of which I was chief witness!"

Mrs. Chipfield rose and stared wildly at the constable.

"Wot's up, my dear?" asked her husband, coming up unsteadily, and exhaling the fumes of beer.

"Constable'll tell you," she half whispered. "I'm goin' in. You'll 'ave the tuppence, Chipfield."

AT CAMP.

A WEEK OF REAL LIFE.

Yesterday we were clerks, "counter-jumpers," mechanics, mere ordinary human beings, but to-day as we rise a grim steely look creeps over us—the Army look! We are military men: we are going to camp.

And we do go. Workshop, office, left behind, forgotten, we swing into long sturdy lines, file into that panting train, are rushed off through county after county, to where a cluster of workers have been toiling these ten days, to where rows of white tents have sprung up, mushroom-like, by the side of the sea.

And here is the "big range"—not the rifle-butts, but the cookshop for nine hundred hungry men.

Lord help cookie! It's eighty-five degrees in the shade; the boys are manœuvring somewhere on the shore miles away; and he, one of His Majesty's Territorials, is peeling blighted potatoes for seven hours at a stretch, for a set of guzzling gourmands. His language is rich, but as his unpitying pals say, "Someone's got ter do it, and why not him?"

"You write home to your gal and say you're in the Commissariat Department, an' she'll be proud of yer," says a knowing corporal; "she'll think it's promotion."

But his time is coming! He gets his horse and the surprise of his life just about at the same time.

The horses are anything from a cab-horse to a circus buck-jumper. The vet. has passed 'em as sound and sound they are, but often untried; and when you first discover that a brute has a temper like a tiger on the day you first mount it, then the fun commences.

And split breeches, aching ribs, sometimes even broken limbs are the result, but they are got in hand at last, and a perplexed captain who has gazed sadly on the swirling dust-covered mass of men and horses wonders what that contractor meant when he entered that brute as "no vice" on the regulation form, when he's just bitten half the seat out of a pair of regulation trousers—in use!

But we like excitement and a spice of danger in camp; and to see two eager sections fighting against time in a pontoon bridge competition one might think the whole British Army was in danger.

Some of us didn't quite realise what work was before we came to camp.

The Terriers' holiday is not a time of ease, but it is a real holiday.

They work well, and they sleep well. Given a fine morning, they rush down to the sea, plunge and splash and lark and come out glowing and laughing like happy schoolboys. But to-day it's a cold misty morning, we wash and shiver in silence over a bucket, and spitefully leave it where the laziest of the party is sure to find it when he rolls over.

But it brightens; the light clouds skim by and break. A fine cheery sun, a shrill bugle call—then, sleepily, "I say, chummy, it's Sunday!" and half-dressed figures lounge past.

Later we smarten ourselves up. Visitors—some of them ladies — come in, and then column after column lines up; and to the accompaniment of the dim roar of the sea, before the rows of eager yet very young men, a white-surpliced chaplain preaches earnestly.

A picturesque sight, but earnest and solemn, is this service by the sea, and many a lad who would laugh at the mention of church in his Yorkshire home, suddenly sees the reality of life, and appealing words sink in: brown faces are downcast; and as we break ranks and wander away we are strangely silent and thoughtful; and later we write to our pal sweating in that dusty hole of an office, "Glorious week! This is life! Why not join? Make a man of you!"

And it would.

P. HANSON.

THE ELEMENTS OF GOLF.

A FEW TIPS FOR THE BEGINNER.

In England, except in a few progressive towns, golf is decidedly a rich man's game. In Scotland and Ireland, on the other hand, it is one of the most democratic of sports. In time, doubtless the predominant partner will follow the lead given by the sister countries, and afford golfing facilities to the man with the slender purse.

The following hints, the result of a lengthy experience of the game, may be of considerable help to beginners.

The first thing to be done is to procure the weapons of warfare. Many beginners in the first flush of their enthusiasm rush straight off and obtain a complete outfit. This is a mistake, for it requires some familiarity with the game before a proper choice of clubs can be made. Even the assistance of an expert is of little value, since the style of club required is entirely a matter of individual idiosyncrasy.

It is advisable to commence with only three clubs—driver, iron, and putter. Most professionals owe their excellence to practice with only one club until absolute proficiency was attained. The three clubs should be bought second-hand. Get in touch with a caddie and you will be able to pick up quite satisfactory clubs for half-a-crown each.

It is hardly necessary to point out that new balls are a luxury that should be avoided. If you have a scrupulous conscience—but that is unlikely, if you are to take up golf seriously—seek out the invaluable caddie, state your simple wants, and you will get a sufficient supply of balls for ninepence each to tide you over the hacking period of your novitiate.

Your initial expense, if you have followed the hints given, should not amount to more than half-a-sovereign. By buying everything new your outfit would have cost at least three pounds.

Before you set your ball on the tee, make a point of mastering golf etiquette. This may be summed up in five words: "Be considerate of other players." If possible, get an experienced golfer to go round with you, and you will be insensibly initiated into the unwritten rules of the game—for golfers are nothing if not candid.

There is another reason why you should have the assistance of an experienced golfer. In few games is a faulty style so fatal. For this reason, if a professional is attached to your course, four shillings—the usual fee—is well spent on a round with him.

The first club with which you will feel at home is the iron, and, if you are a billiard player, the putter. Driving, the most showy part of golf, will be a matter of ups and downs. You may drive well for a month, and then go completely off, or if you acquire bad habits of stance or swing, you may never drive properly.

The basic principle of golf is to keep your eye on the ball. In driving, brassie, and cleek shots the left hand is more important than the right. It is unnecessary to add that at the commencement there should be no force employed. The swing, if correctly executed, is quite sufficient to get the ball well away.

If you have been observant of other players' methods, and painstaking in your own practice, you should, by the time you have gone round an eighteen-hole course twenty times, be in a position to select your set of clubs.

A full set consists of driver, brassie, cleek, iron, mashie, niblick, and putter. When buying these do not go in for cheap rubbish. A good club will only cost about two shillings more than a poor one, and will, with care, last a lifetime. Pay at least seven and sixpence for your wooden clubs, and six and sixpence for your iron ones. Get brassie and driver exactly the same in length of handle, and with the same angle in the sole, otherwise you will seriously spoil your "long game."

In choosing balls your purse will probably decide the price. From personal experience I am inclined to think that a half-crown ball is more economical in the long run than a cheaper make.

C. ADDISON.

MY NOTEBOOK.

ANOTHER CLUB. The example set by the Brighton readers of this paper is, it would appear, being rapidly followed by others. Mr. A. R. Cooke, 10, Waldeck Road, Nottingham, writes:

"I, with two friends, propose to get up, with the assistance of others, a club for the coming season. What say you?

"We wonder whether you would be kind enough to put a notice in THE MODERN MAN, asking all Leaguers in Nottingham who would care to join the club to communicate with us.

"I think it would be a pity if we could not get up a club of very decent chaps. We three are most enthusiastic, so if you will be kind enough to help us we shall feel most grateful to you."

Those of my Nottingham readers who are keen on forming a club should therefore write to Mr. Cooke.

I have already pointed out that I accept no responsibility with regard to the clubs that may be formed. You are as much men of the world as I am, and you are every bit as competent to organise a club as I should be.

I leave the matter to my Nottingham readers. Let them get into communication with one another by writing to Mr. Cooke. They can then decide on what lines they would like their club to be conducted.

I trust that it will be very successful, and that they will find it very useful.

LIVING IN THE COUNTRY. A friend of mine who spent the last week-end in the country with me, told me that he no longer wondered how I managed to get along with a minimum of sleep. "You could not fail to sleep soundly out here," he said, "but in town it is different. At six o'clock, and sometimes earlier, the electric trams come whizzing past my bedroom window, with noise enough to awaken the dead. I should be glad to take less money than I take now if I could only manage to sleep every night in the country."

This commentary on country life was not perhaps worth noting had it not been that another friend of mine who lives in the same village had, the very evening before, been giving me his views on the other side of the question:

"What with the sparrows at four o'clock in the morning," he said, "the cocks and cockerels at four-thirty, the cottager who lives round the corner and who passes whistling at five, and the lowing of the cows in the field from six onwards, and the mingled row of the lot, increased by the singing and chattering of children from seven-thirty till breakfast time, I think that the peace of the country is a phrase without a vestige of truth.

"In town everybody works hard, keeps reasonable hours, and has a certain amount of consideration for his neighbours; but in the country people seem to think that they can do anything they like, and if it is their fancy to get up at an unearthly hour and mow their patch of lawn they do it, without troubling about disturbing the slumberers who went to bed long after they did and who would be only too glad to get another half-hour's rest."

For my own part, I may say that the noises of the country have never disturbed me at all, and I suppose the reason is that I go to bed tired.

I have not found that the noises of the town disturb me either. Some evenings it is impossible for me to get home and I stay in London for the night, but I never wake up till I want to do so.

To live in the country is in many ways a comfort, but it is a comfort which I am about to deny myself. If you live in the country you have to submit to a [illegible] service and to many hours of time [illegible] less wasted. It is worth while doing [illegible] long as you can please yourself, but as in my case, your duty to other people mands your utmost exertions, to live country becomes almost a form of selfgence. Therefore, I am giving up my [illegible] in the country and am coming into town order that this paper may have the benefit of every moment of my waking hours.

I have mentioned this matter simply course of chatting with you, but it me as rather an interesting comment the remarks that have been made in quarters as to my relinquishing my personal interest in the paper now that it has formed into a company.

Any such statement is as untrue as kind, and I think that the fact that coming to live in London is a sufficient of my continued enthusiasm. Such [illegible] of course, not necessary to those of you have followed the fortunes of the paper the beginning.

ENTHUSIASM. I have before me a [illegible] a Newcastle newsagent, shows the enthusiasm of some of those whom I have never had the pleasure meeting personally.

"I take my pen up," he says, "to you a few lines of congratulation on cellent progress of your paper, and mention a little affair which happened connection with THE MODERN MAN the other day.

"I put THE MODERN MAN [illegible] Monday as usual, and on Tuesday, owing the rain, it was washed off the board. the Wednesday an errand boy came asked me if I would be so kind as out a poster for THE MODERN MAN, produced one which his master had him to hand to me.

"I asked him if his master were like myself, and he said 'yes,' and [illegible] me all about the League, and he promised buy the paper and to join the League he grew up.

"His master is manager of a branch the —— —— Co."

I withhold all names as a matter of ciple, unless I have the express [illegible] of the writer of the letter to publish.

This letter shows what can be done those who are interested in the paper. already written to my partners, but there others who have the interest of the heart although they have not been able invest in shares. To them and to all who desire to see the influence of the more widespread than it already is, I recommend a second reading of the letter have printed above.

Here was a man who had passed the agent's shop and observed that the poster become tattered with the rain and wind, and he took the trouble to send round messenger with another poster—how I do not know—to replace the one that been damaged.

At the moment of writing I do not the name of the manager of the —— —— Co., although branch of the —— —— Co., although say I could find it by referring to the of League Members, but I do not pose to refer to that list, for what name matter? I thank my friend heartily for what he has done. Enthusiasm like his puts new life and energy into labours.

YOUR EDITOR.

Westinghouse Building, Strand.

THE "ARTISTIC TEMPERAMENT."

ITS JOYS, PAINS, AND PENALTIES.

There are people who refuse to believe in "artistic temperament." They say that it is only a flimsy excuse for a man's being coarse-grained, irresponsible, unreliable, lazy, vain, and utterly and insufferably selfish.

It is true that men who claim to have the artistic temperament—authors, artists, actors, and the like—often have some or all of these faults, but that does not disprove the existence of the artistic temperament.

On the other hand, colour is lent to the belief that the artistic temperament is a reality by the fact that it is often affected by those who do not possess it.

That the "artistic temperament" does exist, and that the possessor of it is both to be envied and pitied, is my belief.

The man who possesses it is to be envied because he sees much that is hidden from ordinary men.

"A primrose by a river's brim
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more."

That is how the ordinary man regards Art, but the artist has, above all, imagination. He can transform his garret into an Aladdin's Palace.

He can feel, therefore he lives.

And then the artist comes into the world with something to do.

He is destined to write or paint or make sweet music, and he works because he has to—not under the sordid compulsion of money, but because there is something in him which must find expression, which he must express or die.

Many men have no particular bent. They drift through life aimlessly, following some profession or calling, not because they like it, but because it was the easiest or most profitable thing to do.

The artist, on the other hand, has a definite aim in life, and he knows all the fierce joys of the enthusiast.

But he is also much to be pitied. He is tormented by many gadflies. He is often tortured by the gadflies of ill-health and ill-luck.

Few great artists—I do not mean painters—have ever been strong men. Abnormal strength of brain is balanced by abnormal weakness of body.

Moreover, the artist is always sensitive; to the point of morbidness, he has not the artistic temperament he is absurdly so. The pin-pricks of life are to him finger-thrusts to him.

The jingling of a bell, the banging of a door long enough almost to throw him off his balance.

The merest trifle will throw him into a state of impotent rage, for which afterwards he loathes and despises himself.

Besides being an artist, he is always dissatisfied with his work. He is always striving to attain hopeless ideals.

He has his moments of exaltation, but they alternate with fits of the blackest depression.

Worst of all he is misunderstood by his friends.

The business man cannot understand why the artist does not work from ten to six on weekdays, twelve to one. He thinks the artist is a humbug when he talks of not working in the "mood" for work. But the artist is no humbug.

When he marries, his wife again thinks that he could do more work than he does, and merely dubs him fool, because he refuses to "cut" pot-boilers." The man, blessed with the artistic temperament—it matters not which way you look at it—usually marries a woman with the soul of a cow.

G. EAST.

A group of navvies were coming along a street in the East-End, all convulsed with laughter. Every now and again they would stop and bang each other on the back.

A policeman, seeing them, wished to share the joke; so, going up to one of them he asked: "What's the game?"

When the fresh outburst that his question occasioned had subsided somewhat, one of the men explained.

"You know that 'igh buildin' at the end of Woodville Street? Well, that was on fire. Not a blessed stair was left, and old Bill, 'e was on the top and darncing abaht like a bantam. So I yells to 'im: 'Bill, jump, an' we'll catch yer in a blanket.' An' 'e jumped, but we 'adn't got no bloomin' blanket."

And once again they rolled about with joy.

* * *

THE AMATEUR: "Haw, my grandfather was one of the Guards at Waterloo, don't cher know."

THE OLD PRO.: "Well, that ain't much. My brother's one of 'em now. Bloomin' long hours he has, too. It's always the same with railway jobs."

* * *

The blasé-looking youth strolled into the box-office of a London theatre, and, poking his card through the hole, lisped "I want a boxth."

"Yes, sir," said the clerk. "The manager will be down in a minute."

The manager came forward with a puzzled expression, holding the youth's card.

"Are you a journalist?" he queried.

"What? One of those writing fellows? Of course not," was the indignant reply.

"Well, are you an actor?"

"Better ask me whether I'm a twamp!"

"Well, I don't understand why you ask for this box."

"Good gwacious, man, just look at the rain!"

* * *

FIRST BOY: "I'll bet my dad says the shortest grace you ever heard."

SECOND BOY: "I'll bet you my dad's is shorter. What's yours say?"

FIRST BOY: "He just puts his knife and fork on the table and says 'Thank God'!"

SECOND BOY: "Garn! My dad's is much shorter than that. He just wipes his hand across his mouth, so, and says 'Ah'!"

* * *

Bill had been imbibing freely and was on his way home, when a couple of tramcars passed him. He gazed in wonder at the green light of the one and the blue light of the other, murmuring to himself, "Must be pretty sic—sickly here, running chemists' shops about on whe—wheels."

WHY?—

WITH REASONS.

Why has feeling been running high among the Ottomans lately?

Because they think they have been sat upon long enough.

* * *

Why are the Y.M.C.A. athletic meetings productive of comparatively slow "times?"

Because such good young men couldn't be "fast" if they tried.

* * *

Why do they call the incorrigibly obstreperous little Eastbourne boy "Don't-Care Adam?"

Because he doesn't.

* * *

Why is one of the bones of the elbow called the funny bone?

Because it is bordering on the humerus.

* * *

Why is Oxford an ideal resort during the hot weather?

Because one can live so enjoyably on the Isis there.

* * *

Why is the average up-river young woman like an amateur photographer's faulty film?

Because she is over-exposed and under-developed.

* * *

Why is there a similarity between inexperienced punters both on the river and on the racecourse?

Because both find themselves so often "up the pole."

* * *

Why is a Japanese juggler at the White City called Ko-Ko-Itch?

Because he is a perfect hair-raiser, and always comes up to the scratch.

C. SCOTT.

OLIVER
THE
TYPEWRITER

That makes the largest number of clear Carbon Copies at one operation and writes the best stencils for any copying machine or duplicator.
Embodies several new and valuable improvements not to be found in any other Typewriter.

Used by H.M. Government, the Committee of Lloyds, &c.

OLIVER TYPEWRITER Co., Ltd.,
75, Queen Victoria St, London, E.C.

Ask for Booklet 640.

Rapid Physical Development

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by

F. G. MITCHELL, M.A.

THE COLD TUB.

He looks as though he has just come out of a cold tub!

What sort of a man do those words conjure up? A fresh-skinned, clear-eyed, clean-limbed specimen, and typically English, we add proudly.

There is an air about the man who takes his tubbing properly—one can always imagine the tingling in his blood and unbounded vitality.

The cold tub is not merely a physical restorative. Its action on the mind and character generally is tremendous.

A tub means that one must get out of bed five minutes earlier, and over it every morning one faces the old Adam of sloth and general slackness which has sent great nations to their doom.

Try the cold tub once!

That will mean that you will try it again.

When a man has tubbed regularly for a month, he will tub regularly for the rest of his life.

If you have made up your mind to give the tub a trial, do the thing in a workmanlike fashion. Don't hang about the bathroom for half an hour and get a cold in the head.

Start by sponging the brow, and then the legs and thighs. Sit down in the water—sit! don't squat. Chest and arms are splashed, and then comes the great exhilaration of the tub—squeeze your sponge down the spine several times.

To dry oneself properly is not so easy as it appears. Always rub towards the heart. That will get the circulation going thoroughly.

A good preliminary to the tub is a little massaging of the chief muscles. Sit up in bed and clutch the leg and arm muscles and rub the whole body over with both palms.

After the bath you feel you want to jump about and sing.

Do both!

Your exercises will be an outlet for those extra spirits you feel you must get rid of.

Let the neighbours have "God Save the King" at the top of your voice. It will open your lungs and the fresh air will replace the old that has been imprisoned in them all night.

Take a cold tub and it is safe to say you cannot be a slacker.

STRENGTHENING THE BACK.

This exercise is especially worth practising as, if regularly performed, it will give uprightness to the figure and dignity to the carriage.

Stand with the feet together, heels and toes touching, and make the back as hollow as possible. This will bring the shoulders right back and throw the chest well forward.

A good exercise for the round-shouldered.

Place the hands behind the back with the back of the wrists touching both the small of the back and each other. Take care to put the wrists well in the hollow of the back, as if they are placed too low down the value of the exercise is lost to a great extent.

When the wrists are in this position, the muscles in the front of the forearm should stand out and it will be found that the triceps and shoulder muscles are strained to the uttermost.

From this position hollow the back slowly, carrying the shoulders back without moving the legs, and as slowly return to the first position.

Keep the head and elbows back as much as possible all the time.

The object of the movement is to flex as much as possible the muscles of the small of the back.

Force the wrists into it as hard as you can, and curve the spine forward until it will go no further without some movement on the part of the legs.

A good plan in this as in most other exercises is to take a deep breath between each movement. This exercise should be repeated about twenty times night and morning, and it is as well to do it when one's clothing is light—to say the least of it.

PULLING BACK THE SHOULDERS.

Here is an exercise in which the dictionary or the encyclopædia or some other heavy book plays an important part.

Choose two heavy volumes and with one in each hand, stand with the shoulders back and the feet together.

For arms, back, and shoulders.

Now raise the arms, and bend the elbows so that the books touch behind the head, the thumbs being to the front, as shown in the sketch.

This is the first position.

The whole value of the exercise will be lost if the elbows are not kept well in line with, and rather behind, the shoulders.

Raise the arms slowly above the head and get them stretched right out. When the arms have been raised return to the first position.

When selecting the books get two which are not very heavy and of medium thickness. When you have been practising the exercise some days, get heavier books, and of increased thickness.

The thicker the volumes are, the more the muscles of the forearm will benefit by the exercise, and the increased weight of the books will of course have its due effect upon the biceps.

BREATHING THROUGH THE NOSE.

The Red Indians used to tie up the children's jaws at night to make sure that they should breathe through the nose. They knew by practice that breathing from the mouth meant colds and all sorts of ills.

The doctors tell us that the nose acts as a purifier of the air we breathe, preventing germs getting to the throat and stomach. It also prevents the growth of adenoids, which stop the breathing power of the nostrils, and are conducive to the cold in the head.

By keeping the mouth shut, too, one is prevented from getting thirsty when doing hard work.

By getting into the habit of breathing through the nose one's form in all kinds of racing is improved. The long-distance runner will find it much more convenient to breathe through the nose than to use a quill between the teeth, as many do.

It is also a help in swimming, and obviates the likelihood of taking large doses of *aqua* which in many cases is distinctly not *pura*.

Lastly, but by no means least, if you are a camper-out, or share a bedroom, it prevents snoring.

FOR THE WHOLE BODY.

All down the side of the body there are mus... which must be developed in order to give ... figure a perfect contour.

Carry the right foot smartly to the right ... stand with the feet apart and the arms stre... out horizontally.

Now bend down to the right and touch the ground with the finger-tips as shown in the sketch.

Keep the ... straight ... up as ...

While in this position bring the left arm slowly down, still keeping it quite stiff, till the hand touches the hip. Repeat this several times, as the muscles at the back of the shoulder-blade are thus developed.

Regain the upright position and, after taking a few deep breaths, bend to the left and re... exercise.

To be thorough, the exercise should be ... peated about nine times every morning.

METHODS OF FAMOUS STRONG MEN

Georges Hackenschmidt, the world's ... famous wrestler, and Arthur Saxon, the ... man on earth, both say plainly that the ... method of training, if huge strength and dev... ment is desired, is by gradual progr... movements with a special bar-bell, of grad... increasing weight. They further claim that ... reason other strong men have put on the ... patent developers, and asserted that ... velopers are the proper way to train for ... is because there is more money in de... than in weights. It has been left to Mr. T... Inch, the well-known Physical Culture expe... ex-middle-weight weight-lifting champion ... world, to so perfect a method of hom... called "Advanced Training," that there is ... lutely no danger of strain, and no monotony ... perfect muscular development and ... strength there is no method known ... possibly come up to Mr. Inch's sp... lifting course. Mr. Inch has over ... many of them world's record holde... a point has he brought his system that ... is enrolled under guarantee. Any person ... further information and to know Mr. In... is strongly urged to write at once to: Mr. I... Inch, Dept. M.M., 676 & 676A, Fulham ... Fulham, London, S.W., for his booklet, ... QUICK ROUTE TO STRENGTH," which ... be sent gratis and post paid by return mail. ... book is most interesting, and fully illustrate...

THE SPORTING TIMES

Otherwise known as "The Pink 'Un."

Smarter and More Amusing than Ever.

Is Recognised as the Leading Authority on Racing and Sport.

WRITE FOR FREE SPECIMEN COPY.

Published Every Friday.

At 52, FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.

ARTIFICIAL BAITS AND HOW TO USE THEM.

Spinning baits or the worm are the usual lures for fresh water coarse fish, but some of these despised fish afford excellent sport when accepted with the fly.

There is, for example, chub. Chub is quite as difficult to stalk as trout, if not indeed more so, for he has an unholy power of detecting danger, added to which he usually chooses spots where it is most difficult for the fisher to get at him—namely, under overhanging trees or in rushes.

He does not fight perhaps so gallantly as trout, but still he can give you excitement and to spare.

The ideal weather for chub fly-fishing is hot and sunny with little or no wind.

Even when he is pretty sure to be near the surface, and even if he does not betray himself by rising, you will probably be able to spot him with the naked eye.

THE BAIT FOR CHUB.

Having marked him down, the next thing is to get the fly to him, but before this let us see what kinds of flies are specially good for chub.

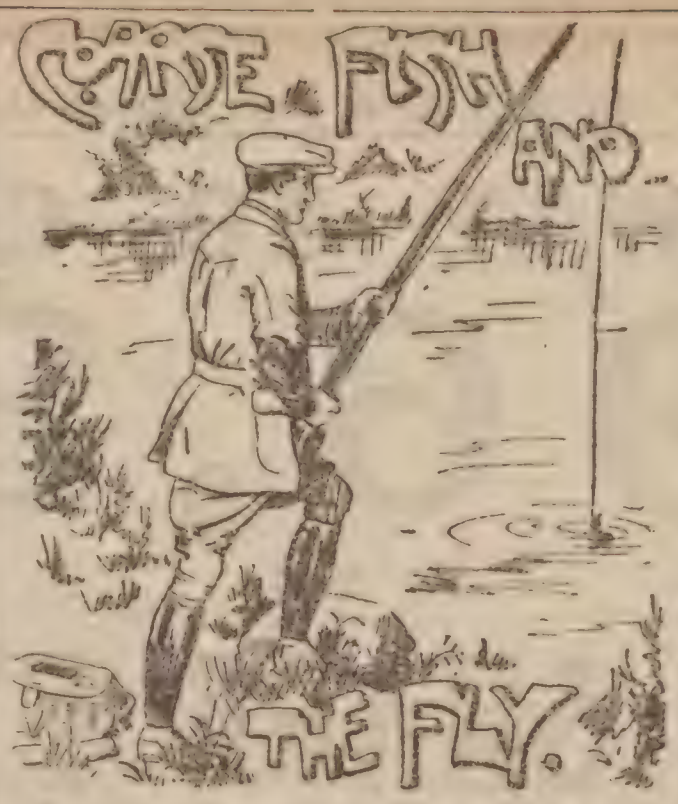
Our friend chub is not very particular. He will take the wet fly, or the dry fly, tiny fly or palmer.

Good chub flies are the coachman and red palmer, black palmer, and soldier palmer, alder, and a silver-bodied fly known as Jock Scott.

A strong gut is necessary, for chub are fond of weeds.

It does not matter very much whether you cast from above or behind the chub, so long as he does not see you.

The great thing when he comes at the fly, as a rule he does with determination, is not to strike too soon.



Perch may be taken with gaudy flies, and pike will often go for a salmon fly.

Then there is the dace, a fine sport-giving fish for all his smallness. Fine tackle and such small trout flies as coachman, black gnat, Wickham, and red tag are the lures for him. Dace take the fly in precisely the opposite way to chub. Chub come up leisurely if resolutely, and slowly sucks it in; dace dart at the fly and let go again in a moment, so that it is slow striking for chub, quick as you can for dace. Big dace, however, behave very much like chub, feeding leisurely.

APT TO BE ANNOYING.

Roach and rudd also give good sport. The latter like shallow water, beds of lilies, rushes and so on, and therefore rudd are apt to make the angler use ruddy language. For roach and rudd you want to use dace flies and fish for them as for chub.

A very good fly for rudd is the Francis, already mentioned, while roach are partial to a black gnat or a coachman.

Of course, all said and done, coarse fish are not such good sport as their game brethren, but still chub, dace, roach, rudd, and perch are not to be despised by the fly-fisher.

E. WALTERS.

A PARLIAMENT OF SPORTSMEN.

A weekly contemporary has for a long time been advocating the election of a government of business men; and in more ways than one the idea has decided attractions.

But one phase of modern politics that is unpleasantly apparent to the thinking man is the under-handed nature of Party tactics—on either side. It would seem that so long as their ends are gained, the great Party leaders are entirely unconcerned with the equity of the methods practised to attain them.

Would it not then appear a salutary measure if a strong leavening of sporting politicians were introduced into the legislating body? There are thousands of men of the highest mental and scholastic attainments, who are also Tritons in the field of sport. To such men the spirit of fairplay is as the breath of life. But, unfortunately, most of them are drafted into other professions.

The Army and the Navy claim a great number of them, others go into the Stock Exchange, and many are drafted as masters into the great public schools.

Possibly the reason why most of them go in for some profession other than politics is that their finances are insufficient, but it is a pity that some means cannot be devised to enable them to take it. A parliament of sportsmen could not fail to introduce a far healthier spirit into the politics of the day.

Man, Mind & Muscle"

A WONDERFUL, INSPIRING BOOK, which opens to you the priceless secrets of attaining GREAT PHYSICAL & MENTAL PERFECTION & POWER

This Book is worth pounds to every man, but is here offered to Readers of "Modern Man" for 1s. 2d. post free.

the young man starting in life; for the man career is of ten years' standing; for the ed man; for all whose goal is Physical as tal Success, this book is the most ever published.

worth is apparent.

Man, Mind, and Muscle" explains to you ly and concisely the powers that you must if you would attain success. But it tells re. It tells you how you can obtain those how you can strengthen and develop your and so realise to the full the powers that dormant in everybody's—in your—brain and It explains the overcoming of bad habits; to detect and know your own failings; how yourself of faults in your character which to weaken instead of strengthen your perty. It shows you how to convert your very ness into strength.

Man, Mind, and Muscle" is published by one the most famous firms of health publishers in world, the Health and Vim Publishing Co., Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.

Mind, and Muscle" shows you that a er to succeed must have a dominant per- He must impress the strength and power all with whom he comes into The man with a distinctive personality that are in him to the fullest.

le feel that they can trust him, they feel he is a man of substance, of strong character, man worthy of every confidence. He is a man are under perfect control; he reto the utmost; he is fully cognisant power, and his self-confidence and will- is steady and as firm as a rock.

such as this succeeds through the sheer of his character. In business dealings he a mental fascination which convinces against a person's will. His voice, his manner, his earnestness, and every line of his body all join together to push him onwards.

In all probability you have met such a man. You have been almost awed. You have instantly conceived an intense respect for him, and have felt that here was a man you would trust your life to. But, you ask yourself, what is the reason? Is it that my will is so exceedingly weak? Or is it that his character is intensely strong, out of all proportion to mine?

The powers of the man who influenced you can be yours if you will but go the right way about getting them.

This book, the price of which is but a shilling net, tells you the means of obtaining this strength of mind and character that you now so much desire.

"Man, Mind, and Muscle" tells you how to keep yourself under perfect control, your muscles, thoughts, passions, and will.

To take but one little illustration. The man with a powerful personality always looks you straight in the eyes, he never blinks, and his glance never wanders.

"Why is this?" you ask.

The explanation is simple.

Like all his other muscles, he has those of his eyes under perfect control. He has steeled himself to control them.

Such is the explanation of the so-called piercing magnetic gaze. But how convincing it is, and how you feel you can trust such a man, as you really *can!*

You must realise that such a man as this has every muscle and faculty under as complete a control as his eyes. "Man, Mind, and Muscle" will show you how to get a similar control over yourself, so that your personality and intellect will rapidly attain success for you and render you a leader among men, instead of a mere go-with-the-crowd unit, as the vast majority of men are at present. No longer will you be subjected to the first impulse that seizes you; your judgment and coolness will carry you through. Your character will always remain unimpaired; you will resist and overcome all temptation, conquer your bad habits, gain by sheer will-power the success that you desire, and thus achieve that supreme happiness which we are all working for, but which so few attain.

"Man, Mind, and Muscle," published at 1s. net, teaches you how to control the Man's (yourself, that is) moral or ethical nature, the Mind, and so achieve intellect, will-power, judgment, a sound memory, and complete self-control, and also the Muscles, so that you develop a sound healthy body with firm flesh and that grace and appearance of powerful strength which belong only to those who are physically perfect!

The chapter headings here will give you an idea of how completely your triple nature is covered in this book, which costs you only a shilling.

The Three-fold Nature of Man—Your Nerves and Your Morals—This Wonderful Body of Ours—How to Exercise the Mind and Educate the Will—How to Attain Self-Control, &c.

Thus, you see, it is now placed within your reach to obtain that personality which comes of complete self-control and strength of character, about which you have thought so often.

Send for "Man, Mind, and Muscle," read it carefully, and follow implicitly the advice it gives. Above all, keep to it. Don't let your interest flag, which, if you really desire success, would be a most fatal weakness. Note and thoroughly understand every part of it and you will be well on the path to business and social success.

The price of "Man, Mind, and Muscle" is 1s. 2d. post free, and is to be obtained of the Health and Vim Publishing Co., 73, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.

(The Sign of the N. S. E. is the Size of the £ s. d.)

PAID AWAY TO CLIENTS

£396,360

BY THE

NATIONAL SHARE EXCHANGE.

Calmly considered, there is no escaping the lesson of the figures below. They are eloquent. The Auditor and the accountant deal with figures, the man of business acts on figures. Mere words are valueless as a basis unless supported by figures. Other firms do not state what they have paid away to clients; they have guaranteed and will guarantee profits. We do not guarantee profits. Any firm that does you are well advised to ignore.

We guarantee Profits will be Paid.

Every individual cheque—which we can produce—represented in the total amount is proof that profits will be paid. As regards whether you will make profits, judge us by the particulars we publish of cheques paid to clients as against the mere assertions—which are not arguments—of competitors.

Weigh well these figures—which show the amount paid away to clients week by week—as against the calculated act of omission of competitors who choose to promise so much.

Our Weekly Record for 1910.

Jan. 5	£313,460	Mar. 2	£338,060	May 4	£364,100
„ 12	316,650	„ 9	341,270	„ 11	367,200
„ 19	319,900	„ 16	344,120	„ 18	369,320
„ 26	322,780	„ 23	347,330	„ 25	373,270
Feb. 2	325,750	„ 30	350,680	June 1	376,070
„ 9	328,970	April 6	353,400	„ 8	377,750
„ 16	331,920	„ 13	355,960	„ 15	380,850
„ 23	334,730	„ 20	359,010	„ 22	383,800
		„ 27	361,690	„ 29	386,480

No Stamp or Fees. Unlimited Profits.
Limited Liability. Daily Cash Settlements.

That profits will be promptly paid you have the guarantee that we have paid over one-third of a million sterling to clients.

We are the leading firm, and guarantee that profits will be promptly paid.

FILL IN AND POST COUPON.

APPLICATION FOR PARTICULARS.

TO THE SECRETARY,
NATIONAL SHARE EXCHANGE, Great Winchester St., London, E.C.

Please forward me (as my name is not already on your books) your 40-page and other lists of cheques, totalling £396,360, which you have paid clients acting on your advice and recommendations, together with a Search Form, so that I can verify any single cheque or batch of cheques that I may select. Also particulars of the system of money-making for clients.

M.M.
30/7/10

NAME .....
(State Rev., Mr., Mrs., Miss, or Title.)
ADDRESS IN FULL .....
.....
(Please write distinctly.)
DATE .....

This and all our advertisements are copyright.

BUSINESS IS BUSINESS.

THE INTERVIEW.

... last week with ... tion of leading ... and it ought to be ... that as to how a ... is looking for ... should turn to applic... ... employer. I propose ... to deal with the ... matter of the ... which is the step ... between the ... application and the ... of the post.

There is an art in being ... and there is an ... receiving.

... employer ... ... we get about ... receiving an ... for a post. He ... him, asks him ... down, looks ... thoughtfully, and asks ... formal questions. ... foolish in following such a method ... for none but the veriest ass ... to come out of such an interview ... colours. Where the employer ... system of this kind you have simply ... him more or less in monosyllables. ... glad to say that there is many ... at the present time who adopts a ... method.

... an applicant enters his room, ... employer gives him the im... ... he is delighted to see him and ... applicant is actually conferring a ... upon him by taking the trouble to ... He asks him to be seated, and very ... offers him a cigarette. He chats ... various aspects of the business and ... to take it quite for granted that ... is the man he is looking for.

... an employer treats you like this you ... assured of two things: one is that ... knows a good deal about men ... and the other is that you must ... careful in the way in which you con... the interview.

... applicant, finding that his natural ner... has given way to a sense of secur... generally starts talking at the employer, ... him to understand that he knows all ... the business, that he has nothing to ... and so forth.

The employer wanted to know whether or ... applicant was this type of man, and ... why he treated him in such a ... He discovers in five minutes that ... is not suitable.

... every applicant to beware ... and courtesy on the part of a ... employer. If, in spite of the ... familiarity, he maintains the neces... ... of respect and answers the ques... ... intelligently and smartly, ... does not presume in any way ... friendliness that has been shown ... it is highly probable that he will get ... for the vast majority of applicants ... treated in this kindly way by an em... ... reveal themselves and their incom... ... at once, though unconsciously, and ... are astounded when, at the end of the ... the employer shakes hands with ... and says: "Thank you very much for ... I may see one or two others to see and ... you this afternoon." They ... that the job was theirs.

R. A. MACNAUGHTEN.

FINANCE.

(In this column we place at the service of our readers the advice of our Financial Editor. It must be strictly understood, however, that we accept no responsibility for any opinions he may express.—EDITOR.)

I doubt if we shall see any great recovery in prices of stocks and shares before the autumn, although the investor need not wait till then for bargains, as I think quotations have very nearly, if not quite, touched the bottom.

Rhodesian Copper shares round about the present price of 7s. 6d. are cheap, and the investor who is content to wait a few months will, I am convinced, realise a substantial profit on his holding.

Harmony Proprietary, at about the same price, are well worth the speculative investor's attention, and when the market move (which is contemplated by a strong London financial group) is made, the price will very soon be doubled.

There and a great many other mining shares quoted at suitable prices for the bargain hunter, but the above will suffice for the meantime.

Mexican Mining Co. shares have been a little easier during the week; but that was only natural after the substantial rise which has taken place recently, and a low-priced share, well worth the reader's attention at the present quotation of 5s., is that of the El Progresso Mines. Of course, the Progresso is only in the development stage; but as I have every reason to believe that everything Mexican is on the up grade, the price of these shares will rise with the rest, even should the favourable expectations of the engineers not be realised.

At the time of writing the prices of American shares are still jerky, and although, in my opinion, the fall has been more than sufficient to discount crop reports and all known adverse factors, we may not have seen the bottom. However, that need not deter the investor or speculator from buying his favourite counter with the view of averaging should prices recede further.

Although the action of the Interstate Commerce Commission in insisting on the reduction of certain freight rates on the railroads has helped to cause the slump which has taken place in quotations, the move is in the right direction, and, if the President sticks to his guns, the benefits which will accrue to the American nation in general, and to the shareholders of the railroads in particular, will be immense.

It is high time the "grafting" of all railroad officials in the United States was stopped, and if Taft succeeds in doing this he will divert huge sums of money from the pockets of the "grafters" to those of the railroad shareholders.

The supervision of the Interstate Commerce Commission, if carried out with a firm and impartial hand, will prevent men like Harriman, whilst President of the Union Pacific, from amassing a fortune of thirty to fifty millions sterling. Most of this money must have been made at the expense of the Union Pacific shareholders, as there is no doubt that the finances of the railroad were utilised for the President's deals, but the profits when successful belonged to the President and his associates, whereas the losses were borne by the railroad.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"INVESTOR" (Swindon).—We do not consider 15 per cent. on the outlay too big a return on a mining investment. However, your friend's advice to buy seems right, as the Ivanhoe has earned over £500,000 net for many years on a capital of £1,000,000, and the chances are that the price of these shares will go still higher.

J. C. (Nottingham).—We think you will find it to your ultimate advantage to leave the firm you mention, and also their "Trusts," severely alone.

F. R. (Nottingham).—The company you enquire about is one of purely local interest, and, as we are not in possession of either rules or balance sheets, we do not see our way to express any opinion. It would perhaps be as well to consult a solicitor as to your liability before investing.

E. B. (Hants).—The shares you mention are a sound industrial investment and are not likely to vary much in price or dividend. So far as we know the foreign houses are included. Latest official Stock Exchange mark 41s.

THE FINANCIAL EDITOR.

MODERN TAILORING

calls for expert treatment.

There **must** be style and shape in every garment.

BARNARD Bros.

will give you the attention that is so essential, whether ——you call or send your order through the post.——

Speciality: Cashmere Suit, TWO GUINEAS.

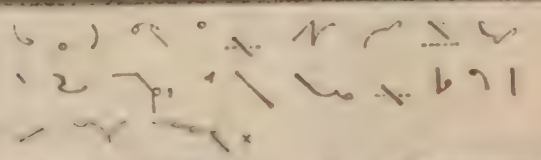
Perfect in fit and style.

For sporting wear there is no coat like the "LINK-ON." Price 32/6 in real Harris, &c.

Simple self-measurement form, ensuring perfect accuracy, sent with patterns post free.

BARNARD BROS.,
30, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.
SOUTH LONDON ADDRESSES:
54, HIGH STREET, CLAPHAM, S.W.
11, ELECTRIC AVENUE, BRIXTON, S.W.

"Matrimonial Times."—The best and quickest introductory medium for all desiring a matrimonial alliance; in sealed envelope; 6d.—Editor, Room 21, 5, Featherstone Buildings, Holborn, London, W.C. Telegrams, "Amatorem, London."



120 WORDS A MINUTE IN 6 WEEKS

Guaranteed under Hubert Stewart's Simplified Method of teaching (Pitman's) SHORTHAND.
Postal Lessons. Prospectus Free.

"SHORTHAND (Pitman's) for RAPID LEARNING"
By HUBERT STEWART. Just Published, 3s. net.
"THE ADVENTURES OF PROSPECTORS" (in Shorthand), 3d. Obtainable at
THE STEWART SHORTHAND-TYPING ACADEMY,
104, HIGH HOLBORN, W.C.

THE REPORTERS' ROOM

A SKETCH.

It is three o'clock in the afternoon, and when you push open the door of the reporters' room you hear the voice of Proctor say "Sudden death is it?" But they are not discussing some interesting item of news: they are merely tossing for drinks.

The police courts are over for the day and written up. Excepting for a call or two there is little to be done till evening.

Something in the wild Irishman's copy wants explaining. He explains at length and with many quaint turns of phrase that he dare not employ in print.

You learn for the five-hundredth time that the reporters know much more than will ever be printed. People often wonder "how they get it all in." The public would wonder more if it could learn what was kept out of newspapers.

The really "live" news—intimate and spicy—never finds its way into print. No editor dare print all that his reporters know. So it is that their conversation in their own room is ten times as interesting as their copy. What clubmen would give their ears to know, is common knowledge to them. They swop confidences in the afternoons. They could wreck half the best reputations in the town; but they do not. They keep what they know amongst themselves.

THE MEN THEMSELVES.

A motley crew they are. One is a Scotsman whose father left him a soundly-established weekly. He took a month to decide whether he would retain it and live a sober, middle-class life all his days or sell it and have a glorious time for a couple of years. In the end he sold it for six thousand odd, and he had his good time. He has never regretted his decision: at any rate, he has never shown any regret. He is a whale for work, and is wholly imperturbable. The chief sub. alleges that if you asked him to interview a corpse, he would make an effort.

He has a grim humour all his own. A week ago I had an unexpected stroke of luck and I told him.

"God's good," said I. He ran a twinkling eye over me.

"But careless," said he, "careless."

One is an Irishman and a Home Ruler; another is an Irishman and a Unionist. They borrow money from each other.

The sporting man is a Welshman who was born in Dublin and whose grandmother was an Italian. He answers to "the Mongrel" —in the reporters' room. The man who to employ the nickname outside would raw steak applied to his eye without

Two are Englishmen, who are to remain (as Scotty says) "merely look of the thing, seeing it's an English ing paper."

A PROPHET.

In a ten minutes' conversation these could make a stranger stare so much that eyes would not return to normal for a mo One of the Englishmen told me that a highly-respected and exalted local person would "do a bunk as sure as fate," months before he went.

He was proved right.

Again, just a few weeks ago, the Irishman and I were discussing a Court A prisoner had been remanded for the option of a fine. He deserves it.

"He'll get sixty days," said I.

"He's to get ten an' six or seven Monday marnin'. An' the fine'll Thim damned Freemasons again."

There was no guesswork in this; what was to happen.

It is difficult to believe, but a great daily or on a little weekly reputations, national or local, I have one in my mind's eye now. possessor of a correspondence that were published, would create the world has known for many will not be published, at least

THE MODERN SISYPHUS.

Thus it is that the talk of whose work is the modern realistic labours of Sisyphus, is infinitely esting and alive than their work interest never finds its way into a British judge and jury would and heavily if it did. It never its way outside the reporters' room.

C. A.

Smart City Suits

ON EASY TERMS

A perfect fitting and highly finished Suit from

30/-

to measure.

Delivered on first payment, balance by weekly or monthly instalments. 10 % allowed for cash.

Cut by West-End Cutters in

WEST-END STYLE,

and Tailored by first-class workmen only.

Tweeds, Worsteds, Serges and Fancies. Call or write for Free Patterns.

RUSSELL & CO.,

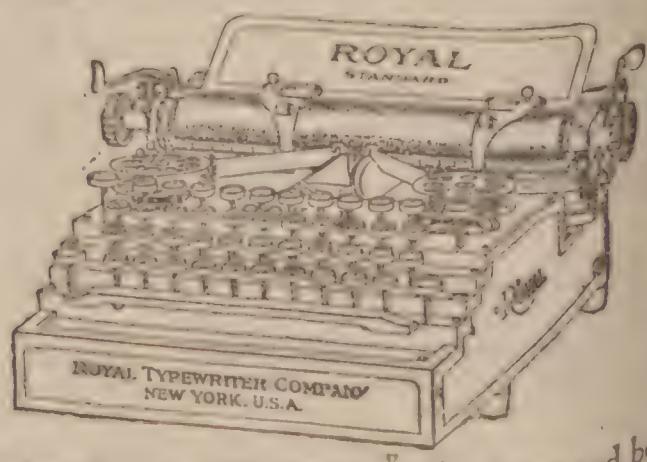
42, FENCHURCH STREET, E.C.

58, CHEAPSIDE, E.C.

THE ROYAL TYPEWRITER.

£15 15s. 0d.

YOU MAY PAY MORE, BUT YOU CANNOT BUY MORE



The Modern Business Man requires the latest and best machine for dealing with his correspondence. It is not an economy transaction for him, if he purchases typewriters of obsolete design listed at excessive prices. Many of the largest users of machines in the United Kingdom are now buying Royals. Among these we may mention, London County Council, British South Africa Co., Prudential Assurance Co., Ltd., Stubbs, Ltd., Norwich Union Insurance Co., P. & O. Steamship Co., Harrod's Stores, Ltd., and nearly all the leading Railway Companies. Send for a Royal on free trial.

VISIBLE WRITING MACHINE CO., Ltd.

75a, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.

Telephone, 4785 L. Wall.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

RICHARD SELBY'S AUDACITY

By ADAM STERN.

Richard passed the morning's ... to Jim Graill as he opened ... Usually he made some comment on them ... the process. This morning he did not.

"Blown blank again," said Graill, looking glum.

"Not an order," agreed Richard, briefly.

"I was hoping, being Monday, we should start ... week well."

"All." Richard, his straw hat tilted on the back ... head, stood feeling in his pocket for his ... and pouch, the expression of his face inscrut-

"Haven't you?" asked Graill, with feigned ... rence. He did not want to reveal how ... the slackness of trade made him, so ... as Richard masked his own feelings so well.

Richard answered the question by asking ...

"Are you losing heart, Jim?" he said, and he ... directly at his friend.

"Richard, no!" said Graill quickly. "But——" ... Was he mistaken, or was there ... gleam of humour in Richard's eyes.

"Certainly not," he corrected, stoutly. ... because I should be sorry if you think I am."

"I know you're not, but——"

"But what?"

"Well, it would be cheerful if things looked up ...

"Oh, it would. But any fool can be cheerful ... things are bright. The test is—when it's ... otherwise. We've struck a bad patch. Very well. ... in the game. We shall appreciate success ... more when it comes."

"When it comes," said Graill with a sigh.

"If," said Richard, "not *if*. Now to ... I'm going to Newcastle to-day."

"Newcastle?"

"By the eight-thirty, if I can catch it." He ... at his watch. "There's just time. You'll ... me then going. I'll try and be back by to-morrow night."

"Going for any special reason?"

"Yes, to look up buyers and persuade 'em ... a dying need of chain. It's got to be done. ... a dying need of orders; and there must be ... dying in the country wanting chain. Birming- ... did good last week; London stagnant as a ... well, Newcastle district can't be ... I suppose you know we shall have to turn ... making stock next week if we don't pick up ...

"I do know it," agreed Graill grimly. "What ... the devil our agents are doing I don't know."

"They're devoting their energies to other ... agencies, which pay them better," said Richard. "What else can we expect?"

Graill glanced about, pulled out his pocket-book to ... that he had a sufficient supply of business ... and strode to the door.

"So long!" said Graill, who was used to his ... abrupt departures. "Shall I wait here for you ... to-morrow night?"

"No, I may not be finished. But if I'm back ... I'll come along to the farm to sleep. If I ... later I'll wire you."

"Right. Good luck!"

Richard returned that night. To Graill's sur- ... he walked into the kitchen just before ten ... He had caught the last train back. ... Graill was already in bed, and the farmer ... to go. In a few minutes the friends were ...

"What's this mean?" asked Graill.

Richard, who had promptly sat down to what ... remained of supper, tossed over a paper.

"Read that," he said, with his mouth full.

Graill read. His countenance, anxious at first, ... wonderfully.

"Oh, this is a fine order," he said.

"Is it an order. It's a detailed Specification of ... requirements. Look at the heading."

"Yes, so it is. Disappointing. Still, it's a big ... inquiry. Eighty tons of rigging—hawsers, anchor ... chain, cable. I say, Dick, a hundred and twenty- ... tons of cable! What's it worth?"

"Four thousand seven hundred pounds or thereabouts. I've figured it out."

"From Maxley, Hutch, and Grosvenor, too!"

"One of the biggest shipbuilding firms in the North," said Richard placidly.

"It would keep us busy for a year."

"Eighteen months—on our present staff. And the stuff is wanted in seven weeks. Look at the conditions again, 'Delivery must be guaranteed.'"

"Then that's done it," said Graill with acute disappointment, laying the paper on his knee.

"Has it?"

"Even if the order were split, I doubt if we could get out even one line in the time."

"I'm going to take the lot, if I can get it," said Richard.

"The lot?"

"The lot," repeated Richard unconcernedly. And he went on with his supper.

"But where are you going to make it? We haven't got the room. Three forges!—we should want fifty. And where are the men coming from? And the money?"

"Wait a bit," said Richard, "and I'll tell you. Mind, it's only one chance in ten, but we've got to take it; we've got to go out for it; we've got to *win*. It won't make our fortunes, but it will set us going; and we want a shove of this description *badly*."

"Go ahead. I'm listening."

"Very well. Mark this then. That order will not be placed until every reliable chainmaker in the trade has quoted for it. Under ordinary circumstances it would be split. One firm's cheap for one line, another for another. For instance, Bradlaw can do the cable better than Stevens, and Stevens the hawsers better than Bradlaw. We're good for anchor chain."

"And you're eager for the lot!"

"Hungry for it, old chap. The difficulties—but damn the difficulties. I've thought out a way to surmount them all. Jim, to-day is Monday. I'm the only man in Moulden at present who has got that inquiry, and not another maker will see it till Wednesday. Then they'll all see it—Bradlaw, Stevens, Thorne, Orton, and Longcroft. Five of 'em. The five trustworthy firms. The rest don't count; they won't be asked.

"You know a lot about it."

"I found out. Jim, at half-past four to-day exactly I saw a way of scooping this order, and I've only got command of a thousand pounds capital when it requires at least double as much. I'll explain. We've got to be silent, systematic, swift—if we've never been it before.

"I picked up nothing among the Newcastle merchants. Dead slack, same as everywhere else; and as I was coming away I thought of Maxley's. We did some big lines for them in the old days, you remember."

"Yes, I remember."

"I've got a good name with them. If I undertake the order they'll know I shall execute it. At equal prices it's mine; I've got their promise.

"Maxley's a difficult bird to get at. He does the buying—a white-haired, soldierly chap with eyes like knives. Embedded in the depths of a dozen closed offices, like a pearl in an oyster.

"At a quarter-past four I sent in my card. At twenty past I got the intimation that I couldn't be seen, but that a big inquiry was being sent on. I sent Maxley word that I had called to describe a new cable chain with swivels introduced at certain lengths for shortening or lengthening. I knew that 'd fetch him. He misses nothing new.

"At twenty-five minutes past four I was sketching the idea on a piece of scrap paper in his office. He took to it, asked for a sample length to be sent on, and I shall patent it right away. But that by the way."

"I don't call it by the way," said Graill. "You're a wonder."

"There may be money in the idea—we shall see. . . . Then I asked him about the inquiry. He said he couldn't be bothered to go into it then; he was catching the four-fifty train, and must leave at twenty to five. The specification would be sent off to-morrow to the various makers. The firm had an order from the Union and Transatlantic Steamship Company for a liner. That was enough. By Jove! that was enough to show that the order would be worth having.

"'You can give me particulars from memory,' I said, helping myself to another piece of scrap-paper.

"'Have you ever noticed that a business man loves to be considered a mental encyclopædia? It was in his face to order me to call to-morrow, and already he was on his feet clearing up. I sat where I was, and he reeled it off while he got into his hat and coat.

"'Go into the general office and ask Mr. Booth to confirm the figures,' he said. 'He has the details—but I'm sure you'll find them right. Good-night.'

"And Booth, at my request, rewrote it out on the official inquiry form.

"'Mr. Maxley doesn't expect the other inquiries to be sent out till to-morrow,' I told him.

"'All right,' he said. 'I want to get off myself as soon as I can.'

"So that was O.K. Now we've got a full day's start; and in that time we're going to put Moulden chainmakers in the position of not being able to quote for that order."

"How?" said Graill.

"We're going to make them so busy that to deliver *only one* line in the seven weeks will be impossible."

"How?"

"We're going to give them the order ourselves."

A silence. Richard smiled quietly at Graill's astonishment.

"Before you've got it?" questioned Graill, who was staggered.

"If the others are full up I'm bound to get it."

Graill slowly changed his position, locking his hands over his knees. He also smiled. Nothing was incredible while Richard looked as he did.

"Finish it," he said.

"Bradlaw's output of cable chain," continued Richard, deliberately, "is twenty tons a week, working at top pressure. Don't forget, the men who can make it are scarce. He can't deliver a hundred and twenty-five tons to me, and a further hundred and twenty-five tons in seven weeks."

"He would leave yours."

"I shall tie him down with a penalty clause."

"But the others will quote for the same line."

"The others can't do it at *his price*. . . . Jim, my lad, I'm going to tie up each of those makers on their special line for seven weeks, and I'm going to underquote their special price for that special line to Maxley, Hutch, and Grosvenor by *five per cent*."

"But how do you know their price?"

"My dear chap, I know to a fraction the price of material and the cost of production."

"But where will your profit come in?"

"Jim, when I want outside work done, do I pay the makers the same price as I charge the customer? We work for each other at a minimum profit over

bare cost. I expect to pocket about seven per cent. over the deal—and that will amply satisfy me."

"You mean," said Graill, ecstatically, "you will have all Moulden working for you again."

"Hardly that—but not a bad imitation of it."

"By gad!" said Graill, with sparkling eyes.

"The arrangement of payment will be a difficulty," continued Richard. "Each one of them would stand me credit up to a thousand, but if they put their heads together and found I was incurring a total liability of four times as much, they might fight shy. I don't think they would, but they might. So I shall settle and sign the matter with them all *to-morrow morning*—one line here, another line there—and not a hint that there's a big contract being distributed round the town."

"You count on their taking it?"

"Should I refuse—if I were slack, and had got the works and workmen? It's a certainty, Jim."

"There'll be some surprised faces on Wednesday."

"It's odds that they won't tumble to what's happened for days after. Each will sit on his inquiry, particular careful not to mention it till he's quoted. I know them. There'll be a remark on each quotation—'Sorry we are full up with such and such a line.' Then later on they'll be asking among each other: 'Who's got Maxley's order?'—and gradually it will dawn on them that they've all got it, that it's been shared between them."

"In fact," said Graill, "it will all amount to the same thing in the end. Each will get his special line, but at half the profit he usually makes."

"That's it," said Richard.

"And you get the other half."

Richard nodded.

"Which you couldn't have got otherwise."

"Without enlarging the works," said Richard, "I couldn't have handled the order at all."

He got to his feet.

"We'll enlarge 'em," he said gravely, "when this order has been executed."

"It will make you more enemies, Dick, when they discover how you've out-manœuvred them."

"It isn't done yet, I've merely outlined my plan. And you don't know the Black Countryman if you think he bears animus for being beaten in a straight business deal. I've got in first, and I'm trying to make the most of it. Bradlaw will grunt, and he will come round and curse me, and as likely as not wind up by proposing a partnership.

"Come on," he added, briskly, "let's get to bed. We must start out at five sharp in the morning. I want to call on Stevens soon after eight."

He waited while Graill bolted the door, his finger on the extinguisher of the lamp.

"Don't you feel any nervousness at the risk you're running?" queried Graill, looking at him. "What if you get landed with all that stuff and something occurs to prevent your securing Maxley's order after all?"

"I shall have to sell it elsewhere," said Richard. "It will be worth more in the market than I shall pay for it. Ready?"

"Yes; you always leave no more to be said. You'll go up to Newcastle again on Wednesday, I suppose?"

"On Thursday, after Maxley's got all his quotations in. He won't place the order till then."

He extinguished the light.

"And," added Graill, his foot on the first step of the stairs, "I don't think there's much doubt about who will get it."

"Nor I," said Richard.

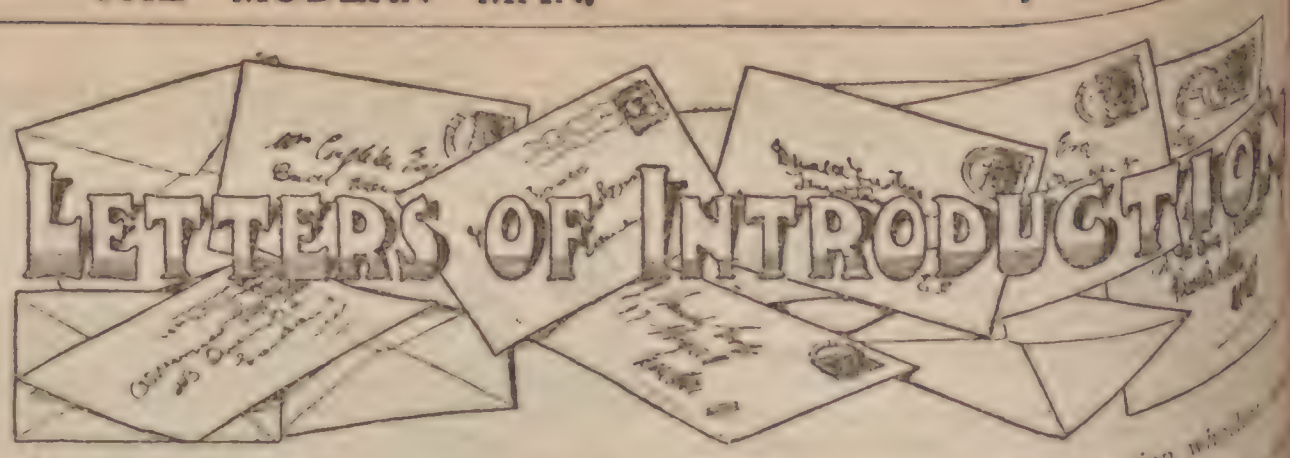
And events proved them right.

[*Another of these stories will appear next week.*—EDITOR.]

THE POSITIONS WE HAVE OPEN

are all Special Positions which Call for, and Pay for, Special Ability. Each Position affords an Opportunity for a man with Special Knowledge to realise his true value. They are all High grade Positions in Technical, Clerical, Organising, and Travelling capacities, and the salaries they offer range from £150 to £1,000 a year. If you think that you can fill one of them—write us to-day, or call.

HAPGOODS Ltd., 163-167, STRAND, LONDON, W.C. Barton Arcade, 55, Deansgate, Manchester.



HOW TO GIVE THEM, AND WHAT TO SAY.

In giving a social letter of introduction remember that it is almost as serious a matter as proposing or seconding a man for a club. You practically vouch for the introduced's character and worth, and if he turn out a "rotter," you will justly be held responsible, and, further, a letter of introduction practically compels your friend to entertain and look after the introduced. This may be rather a tax upon him, and, therefore, letters of introduction should not be given recklessly. Moreover, you should never give a letter of introduction unless you have good reason for believing that your two friends will be glad to know each other, and will "hit it off."

A social letter of introduction need not be very formal. Between chums this sort of thing would answer:

"Dear Jack,

"This is to introduce my pal, Bill Jones, who will be down in your neighbourhood for a week or two. He is one of the best, and a first-rate —— (here mention any sport or game that your friend is keen on, or can put in Bill's way). Anything you can do for him, old sportsman, will be a favour to

"Yours ever,

"Bob."

A letter of introduction is, of course, given to the recipient unsealed, and naturally you say pleasant things about him, but it is a mistake to be fulsome. It is like flattering a man to his face, and no real man likes that.

In introducing a friend to a lady you must be more formal. This sort of thing will serve:

"Dear Mrs. Robinson,

"This is to introduce my friend, Mr. William Jones, who will be staying in your neighbourhood for a short time. Any kindness you could show him I should esteem as a kindness to myself.

"Hoping you are all very well, and that I shall shortly have the pleasure of seeing you myself,

"I remain,

"Sincerely yours,

"Robert Brown."

Having got a letter of introduction, the recipient should present it at the first opportunity, but he should not ask to see his prospective host. He should leave the letter of introduction along with his card and await events. His friend's friend may be so much engaged that he cannot take up the introduction, and he should be given an opportunity of explaining this by letter.

In regard to business introductions they should be as short and simple as possible.

The following form will meet most cases:

"Dear Mr. Blank, or dear Blank,

"This is to introduce my friend, Mr. W. Jones, who has a scheme on hand which I think might interest you," etc.

Don't in a business introduction explain your friend's business, leave him to do that, and don't recommend him simply because he is your friend.

Also don't introduce a friend unless he really has business likely to interest the other party.

This brings us to the question whether business introductions are of any use?

On the foregoing lines they certainly would be, although a man with a business proposition to make really needs no introduction.

There are, however, some letters of introduction which are worse than useless.

Editors are pestered with this sort of thing:

"Dear Mr. Snips,

"This is to introduce Mr. Scratchit. He is a very clever fellow, and has written stories which I am sure will suit you."

This riles the editor because, in the first place, you are practically asking him to do an undue favour to your friend, and, in the second place, because you are trying to teach the editor his business.

Then there is this sort of futile introduction:

"Dear Blank,

"This is to introduce Dash. He is down on his luck, and I should be very glad if you could do anything for him."

This means that busy Blank has to try to make a job for the probably impossible Dash.

J. A.

NO ANSWER.

The crank who was an anti-vivisectionist, a vegetarian, a Socialist, and many other things that most other people are not, was in good spirits, for he had just discovered a new kind of fad.

"One's feet," he said, "ought to be as useful as one's hands. Children can move their toes in any direction, and if it were not for the boots of civilisation we could also. With a little practice I do not see that there is anything that you could do with your fingers that you could not do with your toes."

The sane man who was listening meditated for a moment.

"There is just one question," he said, "that I should like to ask you, and that is where you would stand while you were trying to button your wife's blouse up the back with your toes."

IN DEFENCE OF THE JEW.

"Ugh! *Jews!* I can't stand 'em!" is a remark that is too often voiced by sportsmen. But to the sportsmanlike mind the thing seems hardly fair. For just as there are bad and good Germans, Russians, Frenchmen, Englishmen, and so on, so are there bad and good Jews.

And there is one very powerful characteristic about the descendant of Moses which should find favour among Britons. He is essentially a sportsman. If he makes up his mind to do a thing, he will do it. If he is determined to get a thing, he will get it. And if a Jew is your friend you need never look for a better one.

Like the Scotsman, he strikes a good bargain, but his word is always his bond.

Mendoza, the great fighting man, was a Jew, and some of our cleverest and pluckiest professional boxers of the present day are members of the chosen race. And to take another branch of sport—rowing—the name of an old Oxford blue and a prominent M.P. comes to mind.

BRIEF REPLIES.

[Under this heading we endeavour to answer all inquiries of general interest. No fee whatsoever is accepted. Where a prompt reply is required a stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed.]

J. C. H. (Wembley).—If you find the usual method of fixing your leggings to your breeches—namely, by buttoning them on with the inside tab provided for that purpose—go in for a pair of breeches straps. Any saddler will supply them for a shilling, and showing just a little above the leggings they look smart, and put a sort of finish to your outfit.

P. S. (Ashford).—The man who merely touches his cap when meeting a lady is either ill-bred or shy—probably both. Get your cap right off—the girls like it. Grin, of course, at the same time, cordially, politely, and not over familiarly. As we have already said, you never lift a uniform cap; in uniform salute a girl as you would an officer.

A. Mc. A. (Belfast) assures us that the stupid idea of making Irishmen say "Sor" and "Yer honour" is not justified by fact. He mentions other erroneous English ideas concerning the Irishman. Quite so, but what do these national misconceptions matter after all? We all like each other, so that's the main thing. No man is more respected in London than an Irishman.

R. B. H. (Newcastle).—If you can't procure locally the necessary materials for making a tent, you had better buy a secondhand one.

O. S. (Liverpool) wants to know how to liven up the weary hours of a friend who is in hospital. "I have sent him THE MODERN MAN," he says, "but that doesn't take a week to read." Send him some back numbers also, and persuade him to read some of the standard books—Scott, Dickens, Thackeray, and others that a man in these days hardly finds time to read unless he is ill.

R. L. (Coatham).—We do not believe that there ever existed a man who made his living by newspaper competitions, but we know several who lost money by that means.

"YANKEE" (Watford).—No, we are afraid that we cannot see our way at present to publish a special American edition or to set up a New York office.

C. B. (Wolverhampton).—It is not likely that you will get much out of a billiard handbook, these only being of use to advanced players. A billiard-marker is the man to teach you.

L. F. YOUNG, 19, Crescent Road, Harringay, N., wants to meet a reader who is about his own age, perhaps he will find one. We have not many so young, but eighteen.

C. E. (Doncaster).—Yet another lady reader! She gets chaffed by some of her friends for reading a paper that is not intended for ladies. She says she doesn't see why she should give it up because of that. Neither do we, dear.

J. BURNS, 38, Lennox Place, Scotstoun, Glasgow, wants to correspond with readers in the Colonies, especially with those who are farming.

C. W. C. (Dublin) is getting 10s. a week for doing a great deal of work. He is twenty, thinks he would do better as a traveller on commission, believes he can get an opening, and wants to know whether we advise him to take it. Certainly. He couldn't be doing much worse anyhow.

W. E. L. (Leicester).—The best training for sprinting is sprinting. Practise short dashes every night and see that you get the knack of starting the very instant the signal is given. If you lose ground at the start of a sprint you won't make it up afterwards.

E. M. (Aberdeen).—To get up a bowling club, by far your best plan is to enlist the help of someone with experience in this line. Otherwise you are sure to make a bloomer.

E. F. S. (Leicester).—A bull-pup is really very little trouble. An occasional good brushing will keep his coat in good condition.

L. Y. (Cardiff).—No, there is nothing to pay on a commission as Scoutmaster in the Boy Scouts. Your uniform will cost you about ten to twelve shillings.

A. W. W. (Chesterfield), **E. F. B.** (H.M.S. Venerable), **P. P.** (Manchester), **W. S.** and all the other **"BULL-DOGS"** (Weymouth), **T. H. R.** (Portsmouth), **J. H. L.** (Acre Sharlston), **J. de M.** (London, N.).—We are much obliged.

Besides the insect pests to which I referred in a recent number, many gardeners, especially those who grow roses and cabbages, are troubled by caterpillars.

I have a rosebush in my garden at present which has been literally denuded of every leaf by small green caterpillars which are so nearly the colour of the foliage that it is difficult to detect them on the underside of the leaf.

A generous application of fresh soot is often useful in disposing of these unwelcome visitors, or, as I stated before, syringing with soap-suds—preferably warm—is the safest and most effective method.

A more drastic remedy, however, which can only be employed with safety if there are no children about, and if no one from outside is likely to interfere with the plants, is to dust the leaves lightly with hellebore powder while they are wet.

This powder can be obtained from the chemist, but it is deadly poison, and great care must be taken when using it. It kills every grub or caterpillar that comes into contact with it.

* * *

Wire-worms also give great trouble, and infest ground that has not been turned over for some time.

Preparations are sold which can be dug into the soil and which give off a gas which destroys all sorts of grubs in the soil, or gas-lime may be used in the same way. The latter, however, renders the soil useless for three months or so.

A simpler method is to bury pieces of carrot, if the area affected is not large. These should be set about an inch below the surface and will attract the wire-worms, which are thus easily caught and destroyed.

* * *

Many men who are keen on gardening and whose work does not enable them to return home until after dark often find that the week-ends provide their only opportunity for gardening.

But there is no reason in many cases why they should be so dependent on daylight. If the house is lit by electric light, a few yards of flexible wire will enable them to rig up an outside light which will make it possible to work on after dark, at least in the neighbourhood of the house.

* * *

Carnations and picotees may be layered this month. Spread some light sandy mould round the parent plant and select shoots which do not show flowers.

Having cut off the lower leaves, make an incision so as to divide the stem in two to within about half an inch from the third or fourth joint from the top.

Fasten the shoot down to the ground with a hooked peg, or failing anything better, a hairpin makes a very suitable layering pin. Cover the peg and all with an inch or so of mould and water gently in dry weather.

When the layer has taken root, you have a flourishing plant which can be separated from the parent stem and transplanted at will.

C. B. STAINER.

OUR "SKIPPER."

A SKETCH.

Our skipper is a gentleman, but we are just young fellows in offices, warehouses, and the like. One of us is a working chap. That is Jack Bates, the local blacksmith's assistant, and our fast bowler.

A good chap, Jack Bates, though he does annoy us by refusing to wear flannels and playing in his ordinary clothes, but when we remonstrated with him our skipper told us not to be confounded snobs, and that Jack in workaday clothes was a man for a' that.

To return to our skipper, his beard shot with grey makes him seem frightfully old to us, but I sometimes think he is the youngest of us all.

'Tis said he played for his county, and he is still a fine bat, if he doesn't get down to the fast ones quick enough. He is also our wicket-keeper, which is the best place for a captain.

It is a treat to see him take Jack Bates on the leg side.

Between you and me, we play on a public common, our skipper living in one of the big houses hard by.

How did we get to know him. Well, I think he began by playing with some of his own clerks, who lived in the neighbourhood, and then others joined in. Anyway, everybody knows our skipper now, and everybody is keen on getting a place in his team.

"Play the game, boys," that's his motto all the time, and the man who tries any hanky-panky, gets one warning and only one.

It's a treat to see the way our skipper manages the bowling and the field. When a captain has got four or five good bowlers, his job's easy enough, but when he has only got two who are any good at all—Jack Bates and Bobby Simpson, who bowls left-hand twisters—then he has got to make a little go a long way.

But it is in placing the field that our skipper is artful, oh, deuced artful! Other sides find it mighty hard to get the ball away, for the fielders always seem to be just where they are wanted.

Of course, we are always playing against the same teams, and our skipper has got to know them like a book. He knows the favourite shots of their batsmen and has the field accordingly. And he is mighty clever at laying "traps," Jack Bates or Bobby Simpson assisting.

Bill Wilson, of the Balham Ramblers, for example, can't resist touching fast off ones through the slips. Well, when Bill comes in our skipper tips Jack the wink, and he favours Bill with a couple of off ones, which Bill promptly snicks between first and second slip. Then just as Jack runs up for the next one, our skipper waggles his hand and the slips quietly draw in, Bill tries another snick, but there are a pair of eager hands where the way was open before, and Bill retires cussing.

Our skipper never rags a man who drops an easy catch. He looks surprised, which makes you feel all the more that you ought to have caught it, and that you ought to be able to catch the next one, but he never says anything, except "Never mind, old fellow, accidents will happen."

I think a skipper who tears his hair or grumbles out loud when a catch is missed is a bad captain. He is only likely to make the butterfingers still more nervous.

At the same time, our skipper won't have any slackness in the field, and he often has us out of an evening for catching and fielding practice. The result is we don't miss much that comes anywhere near to hand, and beat much stronger batting sides than our own.

Our skipper always has a clap on the back for the man who has done well, and some kindly consolation for the "duckster."

C. MERIVALE.

The Outer Man

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by
CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

WHERE TO CARRY THE PIPE.

To the man who cherishes the "hang" of his coat, the carrying about of a pipe presents a difficult problem. Many men carry their pipes in the side pockets of the jacket, with the result that these pockets always bulge out in a most unsightly manner.

Some try to get over the difficulty by carrying the pipe in the hip-pocket, but the danger of breaking your favourite briar, if you carry it there, is considerable; and, besides, most men keep that pocket for the reception of their tobacco pouch or cigarette case.

The only place apparently where one can carry a pipe without resultant ruin to one's garments is in one of the top pockets of the waistcoat.

If the jacket is worn unbuttoned, there is absolutely no bulging, while if the jacket is buttoned up, the shape of the pipe is not seen, as it would be if it was carried in the outside pockets.

With the negligé jacket one need not be so careful, as this usually has the patch pockets, which do not look bad at all, even if they stand out somewhat.

COLOUR SCHEMES.

I have referred to colour schemes for men in these columns before, and now I want to add a warning against over-doing them.

It was the extraordinary spectacle presented by an individual whom I met in the Strand the other day that reminded me that I ought to give a warning word to my readers.

The man to whom I am referring has a passion for colour, and his taste both in clothes and in his rooms is usually exquisite. He had, however, fallen into the trap in which so many lovers of colour are apt to get entangled, and was wearing just that "too much" which changes the character of the scheme from effective to aggressive.

His dress will give you an idea of what I mean. He was wearing a dark-brown suit cut as a lounge suit should be. His socks were a pale green and his shirt was of the same colour. His tie was a much darker shade of green, and with a linen collar this would have been a really effective scheme, but—he was wearing a soft collar of the same colour as the shirt.

It is only in very exceptional cases that a coloured soft collar is permissible, and the average man would do well to give them a wide berth.

SOFT COLLARS.

Many men, however, make a practice of wearing soft white collars throughout the summer, and these may find this tip of use. After some time it will be found that the collar becomes frayed where the pin that keeps the flaps in place is inserted.

To avoid this it is well to get your tailor, or the useful lady friend to whom I have so often referred, to cut two small holes at the points and button-hole stitch them round.

When buying a safety-pin for your soft collars always get a broad one, and never, under any circumstances, use one that has any stones in it.

When buying soft collars it is as well to pay a little more and get silk, as the extra wear one can get out of them, as well as the improvement in the appearance, amply repays for the small extra xpense.

A MAN'S JEWELLERY.

It is a good rule to lay down that unless a man is absolutely sure of his own taste he should eschew the wearing of jewellery altogether.

A man's rings should always be of a plain pattern, and the only excuse for a man wearing a ring containing stones can be that it is a woman's ring converted, or one which is cherished for some sentimental reason.

The tie-pin, too, should be as small as possible, and as a rule contain only one stone.

The selection of a watch-chain also requires considerable taste. If a silver one is selected it should have small links, the smaller the better.

A gold chain is best not worn by a young man, and on no account should an imitation gold one be worn.

The best way out of the difficulty, perhaps, is to wear a leather watch-guard. These always look neat.

While on the subject of gold and silver, it is worth noting that in nothing is a man's taste betrayed so easily as in his choice of a walking-stick. Silver or gold mounts, unless they are quite plain and unobtrusive, only give the stick a "flashy" appearance.

For general purposes there is nothing to beat a plain ash stick, such as one buys for a shilling.

SUMMER WAISTCOATS.

A reader writes to ask me whether it is advisable, when buying a summer suit, to get a complete one, or only to buy the trousers and jacket and to wear a fancy waistcoat or none at all.

Since the coming into favour of the fancy waistcoat, the old summer fashion of discarding the waistcoat altogether has almost died out.

As for always wearing a fancy waistcoat with a flannel suit, I cannot say that this is a plan to be recommended, for the fancy waistcoat is no longer as fashionable as it was, and there are many occasions when one wants the complete suit.

The saving in cost is very slight. For instance, Mr. Ellis, of 201, Strand, can offer to our readers a complete flannel suit that is cut to measure, and, what is more, is guaranteed to fit, for fifty shillings.

It includes a waistcoat of the same material as the jacket and the trousers, and it is the best value I have struck for a long time. I confidently recommend it to all my readers.

PRESERVING YOUR SUITS.

The clothes that are hanging up while you are not using them should never be exposed to the open air. The slightest covering is better than none. Thus, a thin dust sheet thrown over them protects them from their worst enemy—dust, and from the constant exposure that insidiously robs them of their outer freshness.

In taking care of clothes, however, never adopt the once prevalent habit of turning them inside out. It is a great mistake to think that this preserves them, for it does more than anything else to give them a worn and shabby appearance. When two faces of cloth touch there is an end to the softness and freshness of the nap surface. Trousers and coat sleeves are oftenest turned in this way, but they are only damaged by so doing. Moreover, by turning a whole garment inside out it tends to strain it in a way that it is never intended to be strained, and when reversed and worn its "hang" and fit are likely to be spoiled.

BUY DIRECT AND SAVE 50%.

STRONG AND RELIABLE. Trouser Pressers and Stretchers, in handsome POLISHED OAK, PLATED FITTINGS. Powerful steel crossbars. Full length. Take 4 pair. Guaranteed 5 years. 7 DAYS' APPROVAL. Money returned if not satisfied. *Send for Illustrated List, Free.*

Price 5/9 Carriage Paid 4/11

CLIPSON, Manufacturer, 53, Eccles Road, London, S.W.

SUITS Patterns sent to any part of the world of our fashionable suits, **26/6** to **52/6**, together with measurement forms and illustrated book of styles. Perfect fit guaranteed, or we return your money. Suit lengths supplied from 3/- per yard.

C. E. BRIERLEY & CO., 33, Station St., Huddersfield, Eng.

NO MORE SHINY CLOTHES. SOMETHING ENTIRELY NEW.

If you dislike your suits after they have got shiny with wear, you will be interested in a new appliance we have introduced for easily and quickly removing this objectionable appearance. The apparatus is splendidly finished, strongly made, and will last a family a lifetime. It is always ready, and never wears out.

The price is **1s. 9d.**, post free.

Obtainable only from

R. PARKES and CO., 161, Blackburn Road, Accrington.

SPECIALLY FINE FLANNEL SUITS.

You CAN buy a ready-made flannel suit, but it never looks well except in the shop window.

Our flannel suits, though moderate in price, are made of specially soap-shrunk materials, and are cut and tailored with all the care and skill that have made our name famous.

If you are dissatisfied, we return your money.

Any personal fancy of your own will be carried out without extra charge.

The price is

50/-

Patterns and Self-Measurement Form sent to any address. Distance no object.

J. & H. ELLIS,
The Smart Set Tailors,
201, STRAND, W.C.

Every Londoner should make a point of calling.

When answering advertisements please mention "The Modern Man."

Printed by THE VICTORIA HOUSE PRINTING CO., LTD., Tudor Street, Whitefriars, London, E.C., and published for the Proprietor by THE UNITED PRESS, LTD., 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C. Annual Subscription 8s. 8d., to be sent to THE MODERN MAN Subscription Department, 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C. *Sole Agents for Colonies:* GORDON & GOTCH, London, etc. *South Africa:* The Central News Agency, Capetown, etc. Registered for Canadian Magazine post.

Readers' Sale and Exchange.

All Advertisements are subject to the Revision of the Sales Editor, and the Right is reserved of refusing to accept an advertisement without assigning a reason.

In replying to an advertisement with a box number, put your reply in a stamped envelope and write the box number on the top-left-hand corner. Enclose this envelope in another, addressed to the Sales Editor, who will at once fill in the advertiser's address and forward it to him. If no reply is received, you must assume that the article has been already sold.

In no case should a stamp be enclosed to an advertiser for reply; neither should payment be made to strangers without due caution. It is advisable to send money by a post-dated order, so that payment can be stopped if the article sent on approval is not satisfactory, or if the bargain is not completed.

There are many things which you would like to sell. Make out a brief announcement, enclose with it a postal order reckoned at a penny a word, made payable to the Sales Editor and crossed "& Co." with a minimum of a shilling for any single advertisement, and post it to the Sales Editor, THE MODERN MAN, 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

The Sales Editor does not hold himself responsible for any sales or exchanges arranged through these columns; neither goods nor payment for goods can be received at these offices.

DRESS.

Coat-hanger and trouser-stretcher combined, only one; a bargain, 1s. 6d.—Box 3190, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Silk hat, in ferfect condition, hardly used, 6 7-8, bargain; 5s. 6d.—Box 3226, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Clothe yourself on the Instalment System. Suits cut by experts, prices from 42s., instalments 5s. monthly. Be measured at home. Full particulars, telling how, from the Good Wear Co. (Dept. 35), 6, North Street, Quadrant, Brighton.

Wanted, breeches, jacket, and vest, boots (nines), overcoat, mackintosh, 5ft. 6in., 36in. waist, 36in. chest.—Box 3227, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Gentleman's (46in. chest, 42in. waist, 31½in. leg) fashionable grey braided hop sack morning suit, by Cartwright, Albemarle Street, cost £5 15s., new condition; sacrifice 42s.—Box 3228, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Pair officer's Wellington calf boots, size sevens, worn once, hand sewn; cost £2, accept 17s.—Box 3229, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

Gentlemen requiring reliable Racing Information should write, enclosing stamped addressed envelope, to R. Howard, 21, Mawdsley Street, Bolton, Lancs. Payment by result only.

Wanted, pair Winslow's skates, sevens, aluminium wheels, good order, cheap, state price.—Box 3221, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Complete set of boxing gloves, brand new, never been used, cost 12s. 6d.; accept 8s. 6d.—Box 3194, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Bagatelle, 8ft. long, 24in. wide, nine balls, cues, indiarubber cushion, used twice, worth £4 15s. cash, take 37s. 6d.—Box 3230, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Splendid cricket bag, one pair pads (nearly new), one pair batting gloves; 15s.—Box 3231, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Modern anglers appreciate modern fishing tackle; quality unsurpassed. Serviceable rod, reel, and line complete. Fly from 10s. 6d., bottom from 5s., spinning from 6s. 9d., sea fishing from 6s. Delivered free. Catalogues free. Direct from the makers (no shops supplied).—Albert Smith and Co., Dominion Works, Redditch.

Punching-ball, complete, fine quality, double ended, cost 11s. 6d.; accept 8s., condition as new.—Box 3195, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Splendid full-size boxwood croquet set, for four players, best make and finish; 31s. 6d., worth £3, never been used.—Box 3232, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

PHOTOGRAPHY.

No. 3 Folding Pocket Kodak, cost £3 12s. 6d., accept 30s.; also ¼-plate Klito, cost 21s., accept 7s. 6d., or 35s. both; offers.—Box 3220, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Magazine hand camera, 12 ¼-plates, 2 finders, high class lens, cost 4 guineas, accept 40s., or exchange Kodak or focussing hand camera to value.—Box 3233, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, ¼-plate daylight loading slide.—Box 3234, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

MUSIC.

Ordinary 5-stringed banjo and case, with instruction book, in good condition, for sale, or exchange for good field glasses.—Box 3238, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Cornet, silver plated, Courtois model, leather case, all fittings, including C crooks, splendid tone and power; £3, exchange considered.—Box 3239, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

DIGS.

Young man, 25, wishes to join with one or two more for one or two weeks' cruise on Norfolk Broads; July, August. Thoroughly up to the game.—Box 3217, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Digs wanted, few weeks August, one gentleman, on Exmoor or Yorkshire moor; riding; farm preferred; no trouble.—Terms, Box 3219, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

A unique, interesting, and inexpensive holiday in Scotland, Lake District, Scarborough, Llandudno, Ramsey, Clevedon. Send stamp for illustrated book to British Holiday Association, Grange-over-Sands.

DOGS.

Light brindle bulldog for sale; £2, or exchange for Pomeranian bitch, good pedigree.—Box 3235, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Large liver colour spaniel dog, 15 months, make good sporting dog, clean and healthy; 20s.—Box 3236, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Fox terrier dog, 16 months, handsomely marked head, good house dog, very affectionate; 12s. 6d. or near offer.—Box 3237, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

EDUCATIONAL.

Sloan-Duployan Shorthand saves a year's study and leads to highest speeds; learned in twelve lessons; interesting handbook free.—Shorthand Association, Grosvenor Road, London, N.

£5 per week earned by advertisement writers; excellent opportunities for ambitious people; prospectus and full particulars post free.—Page-Davis Advertising School (Dept. 38), 9-15, Oxford Street, London, W.

For sale, Modern Physician, 5 vols., perfect condition, untouched, boon for home reference, cost 37s. 6d. What offers?—Box 3240, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

"With the Flag to Pretoria," "After Pretoria," "Standard History of the Boer War," complete, and bound in four vols., cost £2 12s. 6d., new condition, never been used; also 38 parts Harmsworth History of World, with binding cases for five vols., cost 27s. 2d.; accept £2 the lot, or nearest offer, a bargain. Box 3241, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

SITUATIONS VACANT AND WANTED.

Technical College-trained engineer, 21, Page-Davis student, desires situation as ad-assistant; easy place not desired.—Box 3222, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

To Secretaries of Clubs, and others, &c.—Write for particulars of unique agency to Carter's Embrocation Co., Wellington Road, Battersea.

For high grade positions, see Hapgood's advertisement, page 22.

FINANCIAL, &c.

Good selling lines and novelties wanted for mail order and agent's canvassing business.—Box 3211, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Five £1 shares fully paid, Golden Rhodesia. What offers?—Box 3242, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, sound shares, cash or exchange.—Box 3243, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Householder holding trustworthy position requires £12; repay £16, four months.—Box 3245, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

A rare opportunity offers for £25 to market two good inventions, sure income, security.—Box 3246, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Provident Bond, £500, ripe for house purchase, £89 paid; take £45, good bargain.—Box 3247, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

MEDICAL, &c.

Abscesses, Boils, Pimples, Glandular Swellings; home treatment; never fails; recipe P.O. 1s.—Box 3216, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Certain Cure for Falling Hair and Dandruff; recipe P.O., 1s.—Box 3214, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Piles, marvellous cure for; receipt P.O. 1s. 1d.—Write in first case to Box 3212, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Your Teeth as White as Snow. The best powder in the world. Recipe for P.O. 1s.—Box 3213, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Dandruff and falling hair is speedily and surely cured by my ointment.—Send P.O. 1s. 1d. for box to Kirby, 78, St. James Place, Liverpool.

Twelve valuable Rules that will improve your Health and increase your Strength; post free 1s. 1d., postal order.—Cyril Gordon, "Wellesbourne," Oxford Road, Moseley, Birmingham.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Wanted, large suit-case, leather, good condition, must be cheap; also Macaura Blood Circulator.—Box 3218, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Amusement.—Four unique pocket novelties, 1s.; twelve, assorted, 2s. 6d.—Hyams, 19, Ellis Street, Birmingham.

Thermos Flask, leather covered, with strap, cost 21s., accept 15s. 6d. or nearest offer; quite new, never been used.—Box 3090, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

"Clenchave," the most perfect safety razor, complete in case with seven blades; 5s. post free.—Clenechave Safety Razor Co., 16, Caldecot Road, London, S.E.

"MATRIMONIAL CIRCLE."—Great success, conducted on straightforward principles. Golden opportunities to those desiring matrimony; 6d., post free, sealed wrapper.—Editor, 18, Hogarth Road, Earl's Court, S.W.

Astrology.—Reveals the planet's influence on courtship, marriage, business speculation, &c. Send birth date with 1s. order. Two years' advice added.—Prof. Mercury, L.K., Llandaff, Glam.

Fine claw set diamond pin, value £5, accept £3, or nearest offer.—Box 3248, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Gentleman's 14ct. keyless gold watch; accept £3 10s., or nearest offer; cash needed.—Box 3249, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Gentleman's tie-pin, style unique; sample 10d., post free.—New Art Jewellery Co., 16, Caldecot Road, London, S.E.

Two good grandfather clocks, splendid time-keepers, one brass, handsomely carved face, circular top, tells the day of the week and the date of the month, very strong works, one china face, both good oak cases; one big time drum, one side drum, two triangles, in good order. Any offers.—Box 3254, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Magnificent "gold filled" hunting Waltham watch, keeps chronometer time, cost 55s., price 36s., perfect condition, bona fide baggain, no exchange.—Write Box 3250, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, B.S.A. air rifle, good condition, cheap.—Box 3251, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Army bell tent, complete, with pegs and mallet, good condition; 30s.—Box 3252, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Two splendid mirrors, in handsome gilt frames, 80in. by 76in. and 54in. by 54in.; also pair engravings, framed, plate glass.—Box 3253, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Special "Modern Man" Offer!

July 30.

SEND TO-DAY.

Sandow's Grip Dumb-bells

.... ON ....

FREE TRIAL.

We will send, post paid and free of all costs, to every reader of THE MODERN MAN in Great Britain, who will fill in the coupon below, One Pair of Sandow's world-famous Grip Dumb-bells for **Seven Days' Free Trial.**

With every pair we also send a Booklet of Exercises, showing in detail the way to perform each of the original exercises of the Sandow System, also a Chart showing how many times each exercise should be done daily by the average man or youth, together with hints on how, when, or where to exercise, how to take a cold bath, and other useful information.

This CHART contains One Month's Initiatory Course of Exercises, suitable for the average man or youth, and it has been carefully prepared by Mr. Sandow for presentation and use with every pair of the Grip Dumb-bells.

Everyone who wishes to keep physically fit, and prevent such illnesses as Indigestion, Constipation, Liver Complaint, Insomnia, should immediately take advantage of testing the wonderful results derived from the use of the Dumb-bells.

READ THIS advertisement carefully, and if you decide to test SANDOW'S GRIP DUMB-BELLS, fill in the Order Form below with your name and address.

This done, return to us, and we will despatch, post paid to your door, the Dumb-bells you have selected. Use them FREE OF CHARGE for seven days, and at the end of that time, should you decide upon keeping same, forward a Postal Order for 2s. 6d. as your first payment, and the balance we shall be pleased to accept in monthly payments of 2s. 6d. each, equal to one penny per day.

YOU CAN PUT THREE INCHES ON YOUR CHEST MEASUREMENT and increase all your other muscles in proportion by using the GRIP DUMB-BELLS 15 minutes a day for three months.

If you decide not to keep the Dumb-bells, return them to our address, and NO CHARGE WHATSOEVER WILL BE MADE.

SANDOW'S GRIP DUMB-BELL CO.,
Room 39, Sandow Hall,
Bury Street, London, W.C.

Date.....19.....

Gentlemen,
Please send me by return one pair* of your

Gentlemen's Spring-Grip Dumb-bells at	12s. 6d.	Suitable for age	18 and upwards.
Youth's " " *	10s. 6d.	" " "	14 to 18.
Ladies' " " "	10s. 6d.	" " "	16 upwards.

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

* Please cross out sizes not required.